THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
FEBRUARY 1928

Correspondence

Protestantism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The recent discussion in the Press relating to the precise meaning and significance of the word "Protestant" is undoubtedly interesting academically, but it has no material bearing upon the dominant issue involved in the maintenance or qualification of the principles of the "Reformed" Church. The foundation of these principles precedes the Prayer Book of 1662 by more than a century, and the Prayer Book of 1549, strengthened by Act of Parliament in 1571 and confirmed with certain quite minor alterations in 1604 after being subjected to rough handling in the reigns of the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, holds the field as setting forth the basic fruits of the Reformation. Subsequently Acts of Tolerance and Intolerance were passed, as schism, sectarianism, and dissent sprang up on all sides, but the term "Protestantism" is generally accepted as defining the achievements of the Reformation. There was little doubt of its significance in the minds of either Cardinal Manning or of Queen Victoria over half a century ago, as is evidenced by the following quotations from their speeches and writings.

The following statement was made by Cardinal Manning, in speaking to a Synod of Roman priests in Westminster Cathedral in 1870:—

"It is good for us to be here in England. This nineteenth century will make a great epoch in the history of the Church. It is yours, right reverend fathers, to subjugate and subdue, to bend and to break the will of an Imperial Race, the will of which, as the will of Rome of old, rules over nations and peoples invincible and inflexible. Surely a soldier's life and a soldier's heart would choose by intention this field of England for the warfare of faith. It is the Head of Protestantism, the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of its powers. Weakened in England, it is paralysed everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquered throughout the world. Once overthrown here, all is but a war of detail. All the roads of the whole world meet in one point, and this point reached, the whole world lies open to the Church's will."

Queen Victoria, in a letter to Dean Stanley in 1873, writes:—

"She thinks a *complete Reformation is what we want.* But if that is impossible, the Archbishop should have the power given him, by Parliament, to stop all these ritualistic practices, dressings, bowings, etc., and everything of that kind, and, above all, all attempts at confession. As the Ecclesiastical Courts can afford no assistance on this head, let the Bishops ask for power to put a stop to all these new and very dangerous practices, and at the same time give permission

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to other Protestant ministers to preach in our churches, and, where there is no other church, to perform their different services in the same, as is always done abroad."

And again at the beginning of 1874 she writes to Mr. Gladstone:—

"Protestant to the very heart's core as the Queen is, she is shocked and grieved to see England forgetting her position, and the higher classes and so many of the younger clergy tainted with this leaning towards Rome, for it is nothing else."

The Queen was equally alert in defending the Protestant position in Scotland, and was not at all enamoured with the idea of an Episcopalian movement to swamp Presbyterians in the land of John Knox. In a letter to Dean Wellesley she says:—

"The Presbyterian Church is essentially Protestant, and as such most valuable. The Reformation in this country was never fully completed, and had we applied the pruning knife more severely, we should never have been exposed to the dangers to which the Church of England is now exposed, and for which the Queen thinks it will be absolutely necessary to take some measure.

"The Queen feels more strongly than words can express the duty which is imposed upon her and her family to maintain the true and real principles and spirit of the Protestant religion, for her family was brought over and placed on the throne of these realms solely to maintain it; and the Queen will not stand the attempts made to destroy the simple and truly Protestant faith of the Church of Scotland, and to bring the Church of England as near the Church of Rome as they possibly can."

Yours truly,

V. A. MALCOLMSON.

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Conservative Policy—I

By "Wayfarer"

THE life of the present Parliament is drawing near its end; the problems of a General Election are already occupying the minds of politicians. It is therefore opportune to make an examination into the situation of the Conservative Party and the Government supported by the largest majority that party has had in any Parliament.

The Prime Minister's election address was the outline of the policy of the party in 1924; in the forefront was the Campbell case, now an almost forgotten incident, of the Socialist Government declining to prosecute a newspaper man for incitement of the armed forces of the Crown to mutiny; and the Russian Treaty, which proposed to whittle down the claims of British subjects against the Soviet Government and to give the guarantee of the British taxpayers for a Bolshevist loan. The Zinovieff letter appeared during the election and, undoubtedly, increased the Conservative majority. The result of the election disposed of those questions, but it was not until 1927 that the Home Office took action against Arcos, and the Foreign Office handed the Chargé d'Affaires in London his papers on the grounds of persistent interference in our domestic concerns and promoting revolutionary propaganda. These anti-British activities were well known for a long time previously to many persons outside official circles, and they became almost blatant during the General Strike.

The remedy for unemployment suggested was the

restoration of the McKenna Duties and the application of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. The Prime Minister's address proceeds: "The Unionist Party would be unfaithful to its principles and to its duty if it did not treat the task of grappling with the unemployment of our people and with the serious condition of industry as a primary obligation. While a general tariff is no part of our programme, we are determined to safeguard the employment and standard of living of our people in any efficient industry in which they are imperilled by unfair foreign competition by applying the principle of the Safeguarding of Industries Act and by analogous measures." The McKenna Duties have been restored and under a complicated restrictive code of rules some minor industries have been protected successfully by Customs Duties on foreign imports. The most important industries so treated are silk and artificial silk, with the result that both received a strong impetus and are in a flourishing condition; the silk industry, which was moribund, has revived and become vigorous. Notwithstanding the election pledge, however, no steps have been taken to safeguard the iron and steel industries or the woollen and cotton trades, which have repeatedly shown their need for assistance under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. These basic industries are in a parlous state. But the Cabinet has held hitherto that the words "a general tariff is no part of our programme" apply to them and not the determination "to safeguard employment and the standard of living of our people" following in the same paragraph; for the Government plead that to safeguard such large industries would entail a "general tariff," whatever these words may mean. Very many people hold that no election pledge which is later found to involve disaster, or withholding assistance to vital national interests, should be allowed to stand; and that in 1924, amongst other things, no one could foresee the disastrous results of the General Strike and the coal strike of 1926. Again, the words of the Prime Minister's manifesto are ambiguous: "it is no part of our programme," he says; many steps which are no part of their programme have to be taken by governments. The words are not a prohibition, but they have served as a sheet anchor for

the Free Traders in the Government Party. Inertia is always easier than action.

In the case of agriculture, the Prime Minister said: "I regard it as vital that the great basic industry of agriculture should be not merely preserved, but restored to a more prosperous condition as an essential balancing element in the economic and social life of the country." To accomplish this determination, a representative conference was suggested in the hope of arriving at an agreed policy by which arable acreage might be maintained and regular employment and adequate wages secured to agricultural workers. It was subsequently held that the conference should be one of all parties; this failed. The landowners readily agreed; the Farmers' Union gave a qualified and grudging consent, but the representatives of the Workers' Union refused to attend. The conference therefore failed, and no proposal has been made in substitution.

The Government appear to have fulfilled with few exceptions their other election pledges to agriculture; they have maintained the Act for the regulation of wages, continued and increased relief to agricultural ratepayers, agricultural credits are to be brought forward next session, agricultural research has been continued and the results widely distributed, an Act for marking foreign foodstuffs has been passed, and the beet sugar industry has been further developed; steps have been taken for extending afforestation and rural transport, and proposals for drainage have been brought forward which are meeting with considerable resistance and dissension amongst those interested; a useful Act has been passed to facilitate the improvement of agricultural dwellings, and increasing grants have been made from the Road Fund towards the maintenance of second-class and unclassified roads. Credits have been given for providing more modern craft and equipment for the local fishing industries. In spite of such palliatives, the condition of agriculture generally has continued to decline, and farmers in many districts are in a condition of despair. The two last disastrous seasons have brought matters to a crisis. The Farmers' Union, a very widespread and powerful organization, has adopted a negative

attitude; it claims the fulfilment of the paragraph quoted in the Prime Minister's election address, but suggests neither co-operation with the Ministry nor practicable means for bringing about a complete revolution in agricultural economy. The problem has been intensified by the breaking up of agricultural estates, which has left the occupiers without the support or assistance of the landowner; and in some cases, without doubt, farmers thought that the abounding prosperity of the war period was permanently established, and neither they nor their families have reconciled themselves to the situation and to the more thrifty and strenuous lives to which they were accustomed before the war. In every district, on the other hand, a few farmers are to be found, in spite of all the difficulties and disastrous conditions recently, who are managing to pay their way. One of the greatest difficulties of the Government lies in the agricultural problem.

Imperial Preference was offered as "the best hope of industrial revival and the development of the resources of the British Empire." Unfortunately, the Imperial Conference of 1926 broke up without seriously discussing measures of Imperial Preference for encouraging mutual trade; no such proposals were submitted by the British Government. The conference dealt with the status of the Dominions, the title of the King, relations with foreign countries, and agreed to recommend improvements in Empire communications by telegraphs, wireless, and sea, and arrangements have been made to facilitate Empire settlement, and the Trade Facilities Act (i.e. special loans) has been applied to a few Empire undertakings. Progress, therefore, has been made in the minor parts of the programme, but nothing substantial has been effected in the main policy outlined. This is lamentable; moreover, there is a real danger that the Dominions and Colonies will tire of sending their leading statesmen to future Empire conferences after the disappointments of 1923 and 1926.

In foreign policy the Government have steadfastly adhered to the League of Nations, but the Locarno Treaty involves obligations to make war which have not received the support of the Dominions; and this in defiance of election pledges. "The foreign policy of the country

must be such as will commend itself to the Dominions, and must be carried on in closest consultation with their Governments." On the other hand, the Government has maintained friendly relations with our Allies and with the world, except Soviet Russia and China, where the confused and doubtful situation has involved the dispatch to the Treaty Ports of a large armed force, still stationed there, though in reduced numbers.

The Government has not redeemed its pledge to effect economy; Exchequer expenditure has, in fact, increased by upwards of £30,000,000 since 1924. There has been no serious effort to reduce redundant staffs or to effect "the most rigid economy in administration," which the election address declared to be essential. In defence it may be pleaded that the Old Age and Widows' Pensions Act passed in the early days of this Parliament absorbs more than the whole of the automatic decreases in war pensions; that the cost of unemployment has exceeded expectations; that the costs of the General Strike and coal subsidy could not be foreseen. On the other hand, substantial savings have been made in expenditure in the fighting services, principally in personnel and material in the naval building programme—a very questionable policy; but little has been done to reduce the civilian staffs. The fact remains, however, that total expenditure, both Imperial and local, has not been reduced but has substantially increased, including local expenditure with some exceptions.

Under the heads of domestic legislation and administration, the Cabinet has gone far to implement its election promises. Old Age and Widows' Contributory Pensions have been established, although with an ascending scale of cost to the State which will continue to embarrass the national finances in the future. The housing policy has been continued, and, in spite of fierce resistance, the employment of new materials and new methods of construction has been approved. Progress has been made in the reduction of slum areas in conjunction with the development of new building districts and street improvements.

In administration of the Ministry of Education, secondary schools have been extended and insanitary

buildings have been replaced within the bounds of rational expenditure, or even, in some cases, it is thought extravagantly. Central schools have developed with scholarships and free places for pupils passing to the higher stages. Further facilities for adult education are afforded.

The probationary system of dealing with general offenders has been extended, an Act has been passed enabling children born out of wedlock to be legitimized, another gives equal rights to women in the guardianship of children, and adoption has been legalized.

The Parliament is not yet ended, and, on the whole, it is remarkable that in redeeming the numerous minor pledges of the last election the Government has made so good progress.

The fulfilment or breach of election promises is a part only of the case for and against a Government. The intelligent interest of the man in the street in politics has immeasurably increased in recent years; the accurate detailed knowledge of working men is often remarkable and covers a wide range of subjects; this knowledge enables them to form considered views and weigh a political situation. No one feels the ebb and flow of national life more quickly than the working man, his circle and connections. With all his pride in patriotism and national aims, his immediate needs are a strong Government he can trust and a national policy he can understand to ensure to him means for making a decent livelihood with some hope of advancement in the position of himself and his children. Politics are now, as ever, inseparable from national economics. The educated classes take less simple views; their attention is widely scattered over a multitude of subjects, sectional divisions are the rule, and some minor point or other is often elevated out of all proportion into a major principle of the action of their numerous groups.

From this standpoint the course of the Government has been difficult to understand. Their majority of 200 over all other parties has given them absolute control in the House of Commons, for the small sectional divisions which have appeared have never threatened their substantial working majority. The action of the Government

in spite of these advantages has appeared hesitating and uncertain. Their first great difficulty was with Labour and the coal question. In the early days of 1925, on the occasion of Mr. Macquisten's Bill, which dealt with some of the evils arising from Trades Union Acts, the Prime Minister declared that his policy was "peace in our time" and advised the withdrawal of the Bill. The Miners' Union was threatening a strike and refused to negotiate seriously with the mine-owners who were forced by falling prices to reduce their costs, the avowed purpose of the miners' leaders being to force the Government to subsidize the miners' wages or the nationalization of the coal industry. The Trades Union Council announced their intention of supporting the miners by a General Strike. After many abortive interviews with trade union officials and protests that a subsidy was out of the question, during the last days of July 1925 the Government hurriedly agreed to a subsidy of miners' wages to enable negotiations to proceed until May 1, 1926, which ultimately amounted to £23,000,000. They set up an inquiry, under the chairmanship of Sir Herbert Samuel, into facts already the subject of exhaustive inquiries and well known. The report in many respects proved to be unacceptable, and so aggravated the situation. Both the coal strike and the General Strike duly occurred in May 1926. The Government had made preparations and, supported with enthusiasm by the people, they speedily overcame the General Strike intended by its authors to paralyse the national life and overthrow the State. Soviets, called in some places Councils of Action and in others Special Strike Committees, were set up to take over all authority, and as usual the moderates in the Labour movement swam with the tide of the extremists. But the coal strike continued until November, paralysing many industries and bringing untold misery. In spite of the lesson of successful firmness in dealing with the General Strike, the Ministry frequently met the miners' leaders, submitted to insults, and so encouraged the miners to prolong the strike by the hope of a last-minute Government intervention. Last year the Government adopted the general principles of Mr. Macquisten's abandoned

Bill and other Private Members' Bills: they carried the Trades Disputes Act to prevent another General Strike and to stop intimidation. This measure and the expulsion of the Russian revolutionary agencies were the most successful and popular measures of the last Parliamentary Session. Their more habitual methods of dealing with any difficult questions—delays, inquiries, and action only after strong pressure—have produced the impression of weakness and division in the Cabinet. The attitude of Ministers in Parliament has frequently suggested a strong desire to placate their opponents at the cost of their supporters; and departmental Bills of a highly Socialist character have been forced upon their followers. The failure of the Government to proceed on the lines of a national policy as already indicated, and the uncertain course pursued on many other questions, have raised grave doubts amongst the people as to what is Conservative policy in office and what does the Conservative Party really stand for. Such is the situation of the Government; it would be much worse, were not the proceedings of the Official Opposition so completely futile. This state of things cannot last, for the Socialist Party has abundant brains to prepare a clever and attractive election programme. The Conservatives must adopt a national policy which can be understood, and an attempt to sketch what that policy should be will be made in a second article next month.

A Disgraceful Story

The Government and the Irish Loyalists

By the Duke of Northumberland

In July 1921 the Coalition Government concluded a Truce with the Irish Republicans, proceeded forthwith to withdraw its troops and police from Ireland, and abandoned the loyalists of the South to the malice and vengeance of their enemies.

Their sufferings in the period immediately following the Truce beggar all description. Not a few were murdered in circumstances of horrible barbarity. Multitudes were ruined; in many cases their houses were burned over their heads; farmers had their crops destroyed, their cattle lifted, and their holdings occupied by armed republicans or gangs of marauders. Tradesmen and professional men were deprived of all means of livelihood by the sacking of shops and systematic boycotting and terrorization. In numerous cases personal injuries were inflicted which left men and women crippled for life and completely broken in health and nerves, and many will end their days in lunatic asylums as a result of their experiences.

The British Government, which had left them to their fate, did however subsequently give a pledge that these unfortunate people would be compensated for their losses. In January 1922 an Agreement was drawn up between the British and Irish Free State Governments, which stipulated that " fair compensation was to be paid in respect of injuries which are the subject of compensation under the Enactments relating to Criminal Injuries, including losses sustained through the destruction of property by order of the Military Authorities under Martial Law."

The British Government undertook to compensate

those who had suffered such injuries prior to the Truce; while the Free State Government undertook to compensate those who had suffered from post-Truce injuries in the period from July 1921 to May 1922. The British Government, however, subsequently made it quite clear that they considered it an honourable undertaking on their part that this latter compensation should be paid, for in a communication made by them to the Provisional Government of Ireland on July 26, 1922, they expressly stated that, "while the responsibility for meeting these post-Truce claims must rest upon the Irish Government, His Majesty's Government cannot divest themselves of a duty to see that such claims are met equitably and as promptly as inevitable difficulties allow." Every succeeding British Government has reiterated this pledge in the plainest terms on different occasions in the House of Lords. No doubt it was hoped that the necessity for fulfilling it would never arise, and had the Free State carried out its undertakings the necessity never would have arisen. Unfortunately, in 1923 it passed an Act which, instead of awarding compensation on the standard provided for in the old Criminal and Malicious Injuries Acts, entirely altered the whole basis of compensation, drastically reducing it and excluding large numbers who would have had valid claims under the old Acts. Thus, while the British Government, in accordance with its promises, was awarding compensation to pre-Truce sufferers on the old basis, the Free State Government was awarding compensation to post-Truce sufferers on a greatly reduced scale; so reduced, indeed, that in a great many cases it was entirely illusory, especially as the unhappy victims, even though deprived of all means of earning their living, were forced to pay Income Tax and rates as well as Annuities to the Land Commission, these amounts being deducted from their awards with the result that they frequently got nothing at all.

The attention of the Government was repeatedly drawn to this state of affairs both in Parliament and in the Press. It was pointed out to them that as the Free State Government had declined to give "equitable compensation," the British Government was clearly

bound to provide it. For two years after the passing of the Irish Compensation Act of 1923 the Government attempted to evade the issue by a series of excuses. "Let us wait and see," they said, "what compensation will actually be awarded under the Irish Act before we take any further step"; and when that excuse no longer served, they proceeded to quibble as to the meaning of their pledge. True they had promised to see that "equitable compensation" was paid, but after all what is "equitable"? Is it not a matter of opinion? This line of defence was soon found to be untenable, since it was plainly inequitable to award those who had suffered since the Truce much lower compensation than those who had suffered before it. Then the Government provided a sop in the form of a Committee which was empowered to make charitable grants in specially hard cases. At last, towards the end of the summer of 1925, when all means of evasion were exhausted, the Government, as a result of the persistent pressure which was brought to bear upon it in the House of Lords, agreed to set up a Committee "to enquire and report whether any further action should be taken by H. M. Government in the interests of persons who have suffered injury to person or property in Ireland since July 11, 1921." The Committee consisted of representatives of the Government and of the spokesmen of the Southern Irish Loyalists in the House of Lords, and it was presided over by an impartial Chairman in the person of one of the most eminent of His Majesty's judges, Lord Dunedin. In October 1926, the Committee issued a unanimous Report, which was accepted by the Government. It stated that "equitable compensation" could only mean the standard of compensation which was applied under the old Criminal and Malicious Injuries Acts and by the Government in awarding compensation prior to the Truce; but that, in view of the widespread suffering which had been caused by the Government's withdrawal from Ireland, the pledge should be given an even wider interpretation and compensation should be paid not only to those who would have had legal claims under the old Acts, but also to those who had suffered peculiar hardships owing to their transfer from one Government to another.

The Report further recommended that a special Tribunal should be set up to investigate these claims and to recommend to the Government what compensation should be paid. The Irish Grants Committee was accordingly appointed, under the chairmanship of Sir Alexander Wood Renton, to deal with these cases, and everybody assumed that the matter was satisfactorily settled; that the recommendations would be carried out, and that at least some measure of justice would be done to those who had suffered so much because of their loyalty to this country. Let it be remembered that the Government had appointed a Committee for the express purpose of advising it as to the nature and extent of its pledges. That Committee had clearly stated, with the full consent of the Government representatives upon it, that they were under a moral obligation to pay compensation according to a certain standard. The Government had formally accepted the view of that Committee, and had set up a Tribunal to recommend to it what actual sums should, according to that standard of compensation, be paid. It seemed unthinkable that after all this any Government with a sense of honour or justice could possibly fail to fulfil a moral obligation which it had itself admitted. Nevertheless, astounding as it may appear, this is what has happened. On December 21 last the Government announced in the House of Lords that they had decided that only claims of £250 or less would be paid in full, that claims between £250 and £1,000 would be reduced by 50 per cent., and claims of over £1,000 by 70 per cent. This announcement was accompanied by a curious piece of information, namely, that when the Irish Grants Committee were appointed, they were informed that £400,000 was the absolute maximum which could be provided to meet their recommendations, but that the Government had, nevertheless, now decided to increase this maximum to £625,000. Now this communication to the Grants Committee was a confidential one, and in consequence the Government in effect practised a gross deception, not only upon the Loyalists, but upon the general public and upon Parliament, since everybody was led to believe that the claims would be paid in full, whereas the Government were only prepared

to spend a strictly limited amount. The results have been simply disastrous for the Loyalists. Many who were relying on the Government's good faith to pay off their creditors are now faced with bankruptcy and ruin. All sorts of business transactions have been entered into on the assumption that the claims would be paid in full, and these must now be cancelled. Such is the state of chaos produced by this decision that there are actually cases where a claimant has received in the form of an advance a larger sum than the total he is now entitled to, and presumably he will have to refund the surplus. It is difficult to imagine anything more cruel than to raise such expectations when there was no intention of fulfilling them. Moreover, it was entirely unnecessary. Had the Government announced that there was a maximum sum which they intended to spend, no such false hopes would have been raised.

The instructions to the Irish Grants Committee were to advise the Government as to "what further ex-gratia grant should in reason and fairness be made to the claimant." What is the use of appointing a Tribunal to tell you what is reasonable and fair compensation if you intend to cut it down to something between 6s. and 10s. in the £? Moreover, it places the Irish Grants Committee in a most false and invidious position, since it is asked to give advice which the Government has not the slightest intention of taking. Had Ministers given this matter any really serious reflection, they would have seen that not merely does this decision involve a breach of faith, but it is an absurd and utterly illogical solution of the whole question of compensation. They have apparently hastily assumed that at least the poorer claimants will be paid in full, and perhaps they think that it does not very much matter if the richer go to the wall. But this will not be the effect at all. Let us suppose that a farmer or shopkeeper, whose total capital was £5,000, has been awarded compensation for that amount; he will actually receive precisely the same compensation as a rich man who may have suffered the loss of £5,000 which he could easily afford. The truth is that if the Government had intended to spend a fixed sum among the Irish Loyalists, the sensible thing to have done would

have been, not to set up a judicial tribunal to assess compensation according to any particular standard, but to appoint a Committee of qualified persons to investigate the distress and to distribute the money among the most necessitous cases.

The matter simply cannot be allowed to rest where it stands. Nothing more chaotic than the present situation can be imagined, and by far the most serious feature is the direct breach of faith of which the Government has been guilty. But if justice is to be done to these wretched people, and if the Government is to be compelled to carry out its pledges, the British public can alone do it. The Party Whips are all-powerful in the House of Commons, and an adverse motion in the Lords will simply be ignored. Are we really, after abandoning these people, going to be a party to this pitiful deception, this fraud—for it is nothing else—and to remain silent while Ministers who are responsible for this mockery of justice and good faith boast upon every platform that they have carried out all their pledges to the letter ?

Germany and Russia

By Charles Tower

THE Treaty of Rapallo, which Germany signed with Soviet Russia on April 16, 1922, appeared to many people then, and is still by many regarded, as a piece of treachery —not only against the allies, who perhaps could expect no loyalty from the defeated enemy, but also against Western civilization, including, especially, commercial and fiscal honesty in which, it might be supposed, German trade was no less interested than French, British, American, or any other. Today, when people in Britain take a rather more detached view of European relationships than was yet possible three years after the war, another conception of German action is perhaps more prevalent. They accept the picture, which I think Dr. Stresemann drew, of the two outlaws and outcasts, Ishmaels of the civilized world, who meet upon the dusty and uncharitable highway and decide to travel along together, however little natural sympathy may exist between them. "Adversity," says the apologist, "makes strange bed-fellows," and explains Rapallo with a proverb. On examination, there seems to be yet a third conception of German motives in accepting a *rapprochement* with those very forces of disorder which Noske had with difficulty suppressed in Germany itself three years before. A kind of infuriated pique, it seems to be suggested, prompted the Rapallo Treaty. The "footing of equality" which had been expected at the Cannes Conference was not attained; the German reparation offer for 1922–23 was rejected as inadequate—partly because the allies had not yet discovered, or at any rate, appreciated, the difference between collection of reparation payments in Germany and their actual transfer to the creditors. The allies continued to demand sums that were fabulous and thereby increased German resistance to payments that were

possible. Politically and economically, Germany saw herself confronted still with an embattled and uncompromising West. Against this, the suggestion was, she decided, possibly even with some hesitation, to oppose the East. If she could not obtain reason from civilization she would seek aid from "Umsturz":

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

It need not be denied that a certain sullen delight may have been taken by the Germans in concluding a treaty calculated to encourage those very dreams of world-revolution against which the simultaneous Genoa Conference, with its programme of world-wide restoration of trade by restoration of credit, appeared to be directed. Nor is it, in fact, deniable that Mr. Lloyd George's mishandling of the Genoa Conference would have removed any remaining scruples which the Germans might have entertained, and did, probably, affect the final form of their agreement with Russia. Mr. Lloyd George's private negotiations with the Bolshevist delegates at his own villa led the Germans, who already had the draft of an agreement prepared, to imagine that they were being tricked. They had the less hesitation in concluding a Russo-German treaty of alliance behind the back of the Conference. Yet, in fact, Rapallo was neither entirely the result of post-war policy nor in the main a treaty deliberately aimed against the allies. Least of all was it a sacrifice of economic conviction to political spite. It was rather the hard-won triumph of the Eastern theory against the Western, of the view which had existed before the war and became both influential and vocal at the time of Brest-Litovsk, that German economic policy had for many years been wrongly orientated. Whether that view would have triumphed except for the war is doubtful, because the Western theory had too many powerful supporters and had been too successful.

It is necessary to go back to the end of the Middle Ages to find the origins of the Eastern theory, and to note that neither to London nor to the Low Countries had the Hansa League really looked for its most valuable field of commercial colonization. The Hansa League

dealt with most conspicuous success and most complete trading hegemony in Southern Sweden, the Baltic Provinces, and North Russia. Their Eastern "rail-head," so to speak, was Novgorod. But when German trade began its great revival in the nineteenth century, the greater part of its effort was given a westerly direction, through the English Channel and across the Atlantic or down through the Mediterranean. The Western theory received its final imprimatur in the motto: "Our future lies upon the water." There were plenty of people who, economically as well as politically, doubted the advisability of this insistence, but the success of German competition with Britain flattered German pride and appealed, accordingly, to popular enthusiasm.

Even the first two years of the war did not suffice to dissipate faith in the Western theory, and it was not until it became clear that not even a break-through or a "satisfactory" peace with the Western Powers would remove all impediments to Germany's Western progress that the Eastern theory began again to be pressed, now with authority and insistence. The attitude of the United States began to be interpreted, before America came into the war, not as a political victory of Anglophil or Francophil elements, but as the almost inevitable resistance of "the most westerly European State" against the further westward expansion of German influence. Whatever might be the results of the war, so German economists began to suggest, the resistance to German expansion westwards would not be removed. It was time to turn the eyes of the Kaiser-reich to the East. The collapse of Tsardom and the Bolshevist revolution, putting an end to the fight for Germany on the East front, coincided with, rather than occasioned, this re-orientation. Simultaneously with stories of Bolshevist massacres, there began to appear statistical valuations of the Russian Empire as the principal future territory of German exploitation. It is true that politically and economically German writers, on the whole, underestimated both the probable endurance and also the economic effects of Bolshevism, but they did at least urge that whether some form of "Maximalism" endured, or Tsardom were

restored or a limited monarchy were introduced under Grand Duke Nicholas—the latter a rather popular, expectation at the beginning of 1918—with Russia, however governed, Germany must make a peace which would ensure to her economic exploitation and trading-exchange up to and beyond the Urals.

I have purposely refrained from an attempt to analyse the political motives which, concurrently with the economic, went to support the Eastern theory. All I desire to do is to suggest that long before the German *débâcle*, German eyes had been turned eastwards, and that the triumph of Bolshevism in Russia proved even an impediment to a deliberately chosen policy rather than its hell-sent opportunity. I feel sure that, unless this general postulate can be accepted, the puzzle of German relations with Bolshevist Russia, even after Locarno, is without a reasonable solution. There lies before me an anonymous but very careful analysis of Russian and especially Siberian and Turkestan economic possibilities, accompanied by elaborate statistical tables, which was published in Germany, judging from internal evidence, about the beginning of 1918.

As a picture of potential "bursting barns," it might have served as a basis for optimistic essays far out-colouring anything to which even Mr. Lloyd George committed himself. "In fine," says the writer, "it matters as little to us what relations are maintained in future between Asiatic Russia and Western Russia, as it does what sort of Government maintains in the latter. Vital needs of German economy are in question, but these coincide so completely with economic and politic requirements of Russia that any Russian Government of any complexion will eventually find them acceptable."

It is undeniable that many German expectations regarding Russian business *so far* have been falsified and much grievous disappointment experienced. With justice does the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* declare that "the pursuit of the Russian *ignis fatuus* has led Germans a sorry dance through a maze of illusions ever since the Peace of Brest-Litovsk." But Soviet misgovernment has postponed the hopes of the Eastern theorists; it has not

destroyed them. Even the political rehabilitation of Germany as equal among equals at Locarno and Geneva, and the economic phenomena of the International cartels have not sufficed to distract German attention from the Eastern lands of promise. The fact is sufficiently illustrated by the German reinsurance treaty with Russia of April 1926.

German economic policy, then, may be taken as linked up broadly with prospective interests in the rehabilitation of Russia and subsequent utilization of Russia, including Siberia and Turkestan, as a developing German exchange market. Germany, in fact, looks to become the go-between of East and West, as well as to obtaining for herself the lion's share in the export eastwards, both of technical skill and industrial manufactures. It seems in the highest degree unlikely that any amount of argument or inducement will change that economic orientation, and for that reason a complete political Westernization of Germany must be equally past praying for, since she will continue to regard herself as destined to form the link between Russia and the West, enjoying for the future, in safety, all the advantages of a central position which, incautiously exercised, have hitherto proved dangerously equivocal.

Since the development appears inevitable, it would in any case be politic to try to employ it beneficially rather than to struggle against it. But it so happens that, given certain premises, this development of German enterprise is almost the only condition upon which the continuous transfer of German payments under the Dawes scheme or any modification of it is likely to prove possible. I am fortunately relieved of the necessity to try to prove this thesis because the financial and economic conclusions to be drawn from the Dawes scheme and the recent report upon its working by Mr. Parker Gilbert have been analysed in the last two issues of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, in the articles of M. Jacques Seydoux (December 1927), and Mr. Ernest Remnant (January 1928). In brief, it appears that if the maximum payments under the Dawes scheme are to be continued for a long period of years, this is only likely to be possible if German foreign

trade develops progressively. It is not principally the collection in Germany of the money due which appears difficult, but its transfer without grave disturbance of the exchanges. In any case, it seems improbable that the large payments with which Germany's creditors and the principal ultimate creditor of Germany and the allies, the United States, continue to reckon can be made without a considerable expansion of German foreign trade. The conclusions at which German advocates of the Eastern theory arrived in 1917–18 are certainly not invalidated by post-war results. For despite academic resolutions of the International Economic Conference tariff barriers westwards do not appear likely to be lowered. Even South America resists German export, and the Foreign Minister of the Argentine Republic was recently urging in Berlin that German manufacturers should save the cost of transport and take advantage of the protective tariff by establishing factories locally instead of manufacturing for export in Germany. For numerous reasons, then, it seems that the new German "Drang nach Osten," interpreted as leading *via* Moscow to Siberia, Mongolia, and Turkestan, is not only inevitable, but on all accounts desirable.

It remains to ask upon what terms it is possible. This is not the moment for a discussion of the question whether the Russian acceptance of German enterprise and technical assistance will necessarily be quite as ready and universal as some Germans believe. Even in 1918, shrewd Germans saw that peace-terms rather than a philo-German Russian disposition might be the open sesame to the treasure-house, for German "peaceful penetration" had its opponents in Russia before the war, and they may not have lessened in numbers since the revolution. But the measure in which Russians might or might not on their own account prefer German to other assistance, if conditions were equal, is their own affair. Not even German optimism or German obstinacy can really suppose any longer that conditions as they now prevail in Russia—lack of any kind of security or any serious guarantee of commercial integrity—will really make possible the great development of Germany's Eastern

enterprise to which both she and her creditors must look. It is true, apparently, that just as soon as international banking interests reach the conclusion that dealings with Russia are financially unsound and, from the point of view of the maintenance of international commercial morality, injurious to confidence, somebody tries to take advantage of the quasi-blockade to command higher gains by taking higher risks. I imagine that the cost of some recent credits for Russian trade under the heading of insurance against risk might rather astonish many of those who only read in newspapers that such and such a credit has been secured. But we have recently been assured by that Sovietophil student of Russian affairs, Herr Paul Scheffer (the singularly well-informed correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*) that upon a big loan depends Russian economic salvation, and that to secure it the Stalin Government must take grave and far-reaching decisions. To put the matter briefly, the Stalin Government or some successor must take the decision to restore international confidence by returning Russia herself to the comity of civilized nations.

It seems unlikely that such grave decisions will be taken in the near future unless it is evident that only on such terms is economic salvation possible; and the evidence will hardly be convincing so long as individual banks, individual Governments, and individual national industries continue to seek large, but risky profits by isolated "blockade-running" tactics. Is it really impossible to restore the "front of civilization" with the inclusion of Germany at a time when such a restoration would appear peculiarly opportune? Naturally, Germany will not listen unless she is persuaded not only that a very large share of the accruing benefit will not be grudged to her, but also that her eastward policy will be viewed with comprehension and even satisfaction. I have tried to indicate why I believe that this comprehension and satisfaction must be felt and should be shown. That is a task well within the compass of a reasonably skilful diplomacy—by which I mean the diplomacy of business as well as of policy. Germany presumably knows what developments in Russia can alone eventually permit

fulfilment of her dreams, and she, no doubt, believes that she is in a better position than any other Power to convince Moscow of the advantages to be gained, by Russia as well as by Germany, of taking the great decisions to which, presumably, Herr Scheffer refers. The choice before her, therefore, seems plain. She may either continue a desperate attempt to "hold up" the Russian market for herself alone, by an individualist policy which only delays the realization of her own ambitions, or by deciding to establish the "united front" of economic civilization she can finally convince Russia that there is nothing more to be gained by pursuing the tactics of Abdul Hamid. The beneficial consequences for Russia, for Germany, and for the rest of Europe are manifest.

An Impression of Italy and Fascism

By Francis Toye

THIS article is not intended as one of those weighty and impersonal essays which seem almost *de rigueur* when dealing seriously with a foreign country. Many such have been written about Italy—I have written them myself—brimful of statistics, figures, deductions intended to be absolutely in favour of or opposed to the present regime. My view here is essentially a personal one, an impression, intentionally discursive, of one who has known Italy in many aspects—artistic, commercial, political and social—during many years. I should say at the outset that I have a house in Italy and live there during some part of every year. The extreme opponents of Fascism will immediately suggest and perhaps believe that anything I mention favourable to the regime is, therefore, prompted by a holy terror that our house may be burnt down and pillaged. I have heard this suggested in many other cases, and there is no reason why I should be exempt.

Nevertheless, it is not true. If I disliked or even disapproved of the Fascist regime so heartily, I should not have a house in Italy liable to be burnt down or pillaged. I simply should not live there. In this I differ from a certain number of other English people domiciled in Italy. Some of these ladies and gentlemen, on their frequent or infrequent visits to London, seem to take a positive joy in painting Italian conditions in the blackest possible colours. I listened to one of them with amazement at a luncheon party the other day. He informed me (*a*) that the original Fascists were recruited from the scum of the prisons, who had been set at liberty during the last year of the war in order to provide shock troops for the army; (*b*) that everybody knew the Minister of Finance had used his position to acquire a great personal

fortune; (*c*) that the Premier (or his entourage) would not allow the Minister of Finance to lay before him a true exposition of the financial state of the country; (*d*) that the figures of the Budget were faked; (*e*) that the tyranny of the Fascist Party in his part of the world (which shall remain nameless) had made existence a burden to him and everybody else; and so on.

Now it is obviously quite impossible to disprove some of these statements, if anybody is credulous enough to believe them. It is unlikely that a country which has just stabilized its currency and enjoys the confidence of many of the most prominent bankers in England and the United States should have faked its Budget; but it is, I suppose, possible. It is very unlikely that Count Volpi, who, as everybody knows, made a large fortune in trade long before the Fascist era, should be tempted to jeopardize his position and his honour in a desire to add to it, when he could easily have done so in a perfectly legitimate manner by remaining outside the Government; but it is, I suppose, possible. Almost anything is possible. What is impossible—at least, I find it so—is to understand why people who hold these and similar opinions choose to live in Italy at all. What is even more extraordinary is that the utterly unscrupulous and bloodthirsty Fascists should permit them to do so. There is something wrong somewhere.

The truth of the matter is that the vast majority of English people living in Italy think nothing of the kind. Such opinions are held for the most part by intellectuals who, quite reasonably, dislike the attitude of Fascism towards Thought in general; by a certain class of person who has always viewed Italy as the paradise of *laissez-faire* in every sense of the term, both moral and social; and by the æsthetes, who hate modern Italy on principle and view the whole *Risorgimento* as an unmixed disaster which Fascism has only aggravated, in that it prevents their treating the country as one vast museum of ancient churches, Old Masters, and truncated statues. When, added to all this, we consider that instinctive sense of Nordic superiority so ineradically implanted in most of us, which, the moment something annoys, prompts us to call the Italians "organ-grinders" or "icecream sellers,"

it is evident that the exuberant, aggressive, and quintessentially Latin vitality of the Fascist movement is likely to provoke antagonism.

For the first thing that must be realized about Fascism is that it is Latin. When we say that it has swept away Parliamentary government and trial by jury; when we read that it wages war on freemasonry and secret societies, we think unconsciously of these things in our own terms. In fact, the Italian Chamber of Deputies had little in common with the House of Commons, just as Italian freemasonry had practically nothing in common with those convivial meetings of benevolent gentlemen which constitute the salient feature of masonic activity in this country. Doubtless there is an admirable side to continental masonry, but everybody knows that its political activities are very great and by no means always beyond reproach. Plenty of Italians, for instance, who are definitely opposed to Fascism considered masonry a disintegrating force, and have given me many instances of its maleficent effect in practice.

Again, when Englishmen think of secret societies, they certainly have no idea of what institutions like the Camorra and the Mafia meant in Southern Italy. No Government less strong than that of Mussolini could possibly have put them down; and even granted that, to some extent, the Fascist Party has assumed some of their attributes, it is surely preferable that activities of this kind should be disciplined and—so to speak—canalized in one governmental channel than controlled by the individual caprice of the wild men of Naples or Palermo. Doubtless it would be better if Italy were freed altogether from the network of the informer and petty graft. But these things are inseparable from secret societies, and secret societies seem, in some form or other, almost indispensable to the Latin. I have little doubt that Fascism, which (like the Catholic religion in relation to the old pagan worship) has superseded them all while conserving a few of their attributes, is not altogether free from reproach in either respect. But I know this—and it does show a great step forward—that when the Central Government has reason to suspect a local Fascio of using its power for corrupt purposes, that

Fascio is promptly dissolved. This happened within twelve miles of my own house eighteen months ago; and I know somewhere else where it is likely to happen quite soon. The Fascists are far from being angels; they expect, and doubtless often contrive, to enjoy the spoils of office. But, unlike their predecessors, I think they enjoy them with comparative moderation. After all, we need not be hypocrites in this matter, merely because our methods are different. The spoils of office is a term not without meaning to Welsh and even English politicians.

One thing is certain: there has never been so little political and municipal corruption in Italy as at the present time. In fact, compared with certain other countries that need not be specified, political corruption has never been notably rife in Italy, despite foreign assertions to the contrary. It is rather in municipal matters that the Fascist regime has marked a definite improvement. There may be grave objections from other points of view to the *podestà* regime now in vogue, but it does undoubtedly tend to the purification of local administration, in that the *podestà* is nearly always a man of position and substance and therefore less exposed to the temptations of petty corruption. It is not without significance that certain cities in the United States, in their fight against graft, have also thought fit to administer their municipal affairs by means of an autocrat, no less autocratic because he is called a City Manager.

The professions of the Fascist Party in this respect are of importance. Stress is laid on every occasion on the public duty of every Fascist to maintain a high standard of honour in public and private matters. Needless to say, profession is not by any means always the same as performance, but it is possible to be unduly cynical. An ideal, publicly expressed and repeatedly emphasized, does induce a certain state of mind, and a man, if he upholds certain ideas in public, is at least inclined to feel ashamed of not carrying them out in private. Most strenuous and successful efforts have been made, and are still being made, to purge the party of the undesirable element which was admittedly present at the beginning. Individuals, sometimes important

individuals, are constantly expelled from the party for *indegnità*. I do not suppose for a moment that the Fascists will ever succeed in turning themselves into that clan of *samurai* once preconized by Mr. H. G. Wells, but they claim, at any rate, to wish to do something of the kind; and it is amusing to reflect that the actual author of the idea is perhaps one of their most bitter opponents in this country.

One thing remains beyond a doubt to anybody who lives in Italy and talks to the people: a main, if not the main, reason for the devotion felt by most Italians for the personality of Mussolini is their belief in his sense of justice. They have disliked many things he did—the restriction of credit, for instance, the closing of superfluous wine shops, and several regulations which appear to them, as indeed they do to me, vexatious and unnecessary. But they suffer these things comparatively gladly because they believe in the man. The average Italian, indeed, perhaps believes in Mussolini more fervently than he does in Fascism. This is true of the South especially; but to a greater or lesser extent the same may be said of very many people all over the country. Doubtless one of the things that endears Mussolini to the Italians is the mere fact of his success. All Latins love success, a characteristic that goes back at least as far as Roman days. Was it not a Roman poet who enshrined the creed in the tag familiar to every student of Latin grammar: *Victrix causa deis placuit?*

Nevertheless, the glamour of personal success is beginning to wear off; the country has been going through hard times, but I find still a real enthusiasm for the personality of Il Duce, mostly based on the fact that he punishes without fear or favour. Italians will point with pride to the fact that prominent Fascists have been punished for misdemeanours just as severely as anybody else. There was a notable case of this last summer, in a large city close to where I live, and the attitude of the local population was extremely interesting to watch.

This personal importance of Mussolini brings me to another point often raised in discussions on Italy: What will happen if the great man dies, or is assassinated? I do not know what will happen; but I know what will

not happen. There will not be an uprising of Communists or of the *Partito Popolare* to overthrow the succession (which has already been arranged) by force. As living organizations, these parties simply no longer exist, and the first of them, at any rate, has extremely few supporters. There might be sporadic outbreaks in one or two places, but nothing more is even possible. The Liberals, who are more numerous, are incapable of achieving anything by force, for the very good reason that by temperament Liberals never achieve anything in that way. The real danger is, I am told, quite different.

When Mussolini dies, or, particularly if he is assassinated, there will be a great ferment in Italy, during which many acts of violence will perhaps be committed. Now it is just conceivable that in a crisis like this the extremists of the Fascist Party may try to capture the machine, a proceeding which, if successful, would spell disaster both for Italy and for Europe. There is a great deal of misconception both here and elsewhere about the Party. To begin with, people often think of Mussolini as an extremist, which in fact he is not. To understand the position it is necessary that the reader should be reminded of what the Fascist Party stood for at the time, let us say, of the march on Rome. The Party was not by any means a collection of old die-hards and young aristocrats, as is sometimes imagined in this country. Their programme was definitely revolutionary; they were not only anti-clerical but anti-monarchical. As has happened over and over again in history, power immediately began to exercise a sobering influence. Wisdom dictated an understanding with the Church and necessity—for Italy in general, like the army in particular, is passionately loyal to the house of Savoy—demanded an alliance with the monarchy. Official Fascism has moved nearer and nearer these two powers during the last five years. But certain extreme Fascists view the process with dislike and misgiving. Their principal spokesman was Farinacci, who, it may be remembered, retired into private life a couple of years ago. They are still, however, not without influence and often manage to get representatives of their views appointed to certain positions. The real danger in Italy

lies in the seizing of power by these men, not in any of the more dramatic possibilities envisaged by alarmists.

I am often asked for a general opinion about Italy under present conditions, and the question is not altogether easy to answer. There are features about the Fascist regime not welcome to an Englishman who still has old-fashioned ideas about the value of personal liberty. For instance, there are far too many regulations, not all of which, fortunately, are observed. Thus the alliance with the Church has produced certain regulations about bathing dresses which are quite absurd. Outside the big *Stabilimenti*, however, nobody seems to pay the slightest attention to them; nor do the habits of the Lido seem to have altered to a noticeable extent.

A great many complaints have been made by English people at various times about the conduct of the railway militia and the severity of the Custom authorities. I can only say that I have never failed to meet with the greatest consideration everywhere, and, on one occasion, when I lost my passport, the railway militia proved themselves a model of courtesy and helpfulness. It is doubtless very annoying not to be able to put your feet on the seat of a railway carriage or to load the rack with innumerable small pieces of luggage, but the foreign traveller should remember that both privileges were excessively abused for years by tourists and natives, and that the Italian authorities in their eminently successful efforts to make travelling in Italy clean and punctual were bound to adopt rather severe measures. Besides, the habits of our own officials are not always above reproach. When a young Italian, fortunately endowed with a sense of humour, returned with us to England last autumn for the purpose of studying English, he was forced by the immigration authorities to strip naked for examination from top to toe. I wonder what the gentlemen who write to the *Times* would say if any Englishman was subjected to such treatment at an Italian frontier station!

Whether the severe discipline of Fascism will tend to promote intellectual or artistic activity is doubtful; it certainly has not done so hitherto. The benefits of the regime are mainly material, but the Fascists may

claim to have done something to correct what has always been a defect in the Italians, to wit, a tendency to talk about a thing to such an extent that they really believe it is done. The Fascists do get things done, and their insistence on practical as distinct from conversational accomplishment has been an undoubted advantage to the country.

Perhaps the most striking difference between contemporary Italy and pre-war Italy is the change in the young men. Whereas in former years many young Italians used to spend their time in cafés talking and arguing, they are now nearly all absorbed in practical pursuits. Whereas formerly the disposition of many Italians was decidedly timid, young men under twenty-five now seem not to know what fear means. It is true, of course, that there have always been many brave and adventurous young Italians, but it cannot be said that bravery and adventure were ever the fashion as they now are. At any rate, the contrast between the young Italian and the middle-aged Italian is very striking—the one full of vitality and self-confidence, the other rather apathetic and diffident. The new spirit can be observed even among the children, who are brought up with an almost Lacedæmonian contempt of danger. When I watch small boys and girls hurling themselves from high diving boards into the sea and sailing small boats unattended among the waves, I cannot help feeling that this is one of the strangest and least expected phenomena of our time. A nineteenth-century prophet might have foretold almost any kind of future for Italy, but not, I think, one characterized essentially by physical prowess and indifference to danger.

Whither the high mettle of the present Italian youth will lead the country is not certain. The great hope of the future lies in the fact that they are learning the meaning of discipline as well as the pride of exuberant vitality. One thing is quite certain: Italy is an entirely new country; and the full results, whether for good or evil, of the present regime will only be measurable when a wholly new generation has grown up under its influence.

The Anti-Political Union in Denmark

Demand for Separation between Politics and Economics

By August Schvan

THE war that was to end war has resulted in the erection of such tariff walls between the different nations that it is mere rhetoric to speak about peaceful international relations. In Europe alone there are now thirty-eight such walls instead of twenty-six, and their total length is over 4,000 miles longer than before the war. Behind these walls class stands everywhere against class. The so-called peace is in reality but the continuous war of all against all, of which the universal increase of the fatal intermingling of politics with economics is the primary cause. Thanks to the simultaneous extension of the Parliamentary system, this allows the representatives of the peoples, who originally were intended to protect them from tax-gatherers and the arbitrariness of kings, to confiscate their incomes and destroy their liberties to a degree no monarch ever dared.

The natural reaction against this catastrophic state of affairs is everywhere long overdue. But it has as yet occurred only in Denmark, the one European country that, during the war, literally flowed with milk and honey. It alone had an ample supply of food. Wages rose to an unprecedented height. Huge fortunes were made. But they soon melted away. After the armistice a fever of speculation ruined most of the new rich and many of the old. The biggest bank of the kingdom, Landmandsbanken, lost over £30 millions. The Government saddled the taxpayers with a great part of this enormous sum, pleading that this was the only way to avert a collapse of the whole economic life of the nation. To understand the real significance of this extraordinary procedure one must bear in mind that the population of Denmark then was about 3⅓ millions!

Before the disaster happened, inflation had already set in. It was due to the imprudent policy both of the

Radical-Socialist Government in office during the war and of the issuing bank itself. The Danish crown lost 50 per cent. of its par value.

But the Socialist Government, who had sacrificed sound finance to vote-catching, had also for this purpose initiated an extremely unwise so-called social legislation that necessitated a monstrous taxation, particularly of capital. Furthermore, the Budget was burdened with the huge deficits of the bureaucratic administration of the State railways, while it is interesting to note that the majority of the private railway companies managed to make both ends meet.

When deflation came, the result was disastrous. Mortgagees experienced great difficulties. Unemployment rose to the calamitous figure of 100,000, because the Trade Unions firmly opposed the wage reductions and the curtailment of the doles that alone could bring down the cost of living and ensure a restarting of production.

As a consequence, taxation is still four times as heavy as before the war, though the whole of the national and local debts only slightly exceed the comparatively insignificant amount of £120 millions. Including the surplus price which the consumer has to pay owing to the heavy duties on manufactured articles, taxation thus absorbs a quarter of the total national income.

These are the circumstances under which the Government of the Moderates again took office a little more than a year ago, and after the failure of the preceding Socialist Government to find a remedy for the crisis.

The deadlock, however, continues. The four traditional parties are so divided that it is impossible to carry any decisive measures. The Conservatives mainly speak for the protectionists, the Moderates for the free trade peasantry, the Radicals, who are inflationists, for the public employees and half of the small-holders, the Socialists for the great mass of the workers.

It is therefore easy to understand that the ground was well prepared for the new anti-political union which last autumn, for the first time, gained a couple of seats in the Riksdag. It alone can show a clear way out of the present difficulties.

It takes the bull by the horns. It wants a complete

separation between politics and economics. The State should merely become the guardian of justice. Everybody should be able to *obtain* and *keep* the full reward of his labour. The complete freedom of exchange must therefore be maintained, and all taxes, direct or indirect, national or local, be abolished. They are simply robbery, whether imposed by an autocrat or by a Parliamentary majority.

But, on the contrary, all who exclude others from the direct use of any part of the natural resources that constitute the only source for all commodities, owe their fellow-beings full compensation for thus curtailing their possibilities of livelihood.

This compensation, the economic rent, is therefore not a tax arbitrarily imposed by some public authority, but a due, a debt, determined by the simple law of supply and demand, according to the situation and productive capacity of each piece of land.

With the removal of all taxes and rates that increase the costs of production, the users of the land will, of course, both be able and willing to pay correspondingly more for its use. In view of the fact that such taxation everywhere in Europe absorbs about a quarter of the gross national income and that the actual economic rent, which is identical with the current rate of interest on the value of unimproved land, averages from £4 to £6 per head of population, according to its density, it may be stated, as a general proposition, that the removal of this taxation would double the economic rent.

To levy the whole amount of this from the present landowners, who under the protection of existing laws have their capital invested in land-values, would be to commit as glaring an injustice as to "hit" people with taxes, and nobody but the fanatical "single taxers" can contemplate such a proceeding with equanimity.

The most practical way of compensating landowners is to begin by levying only half of the real economic rent, allowing the other half to remain in their pockets until they thus have been able to reconstitute the capital that they have sunk in unimproved land-values. In Denmark, where already about 1½ per cent. of the gross value of land is collected in annual taxation, this transitory

period would last some twenty-five years. Yet even then the payment of half of the real economic rent would suffice to cover the necessary public expenditure.

For the central administration of the country the revenue derived from a State bank and the Mint is sufficient. It will cover the cost of the Law Courts and protection against contagious diseases, floods, coast erosion, etc.

The collection by the local authorities of the economic rent would enable these to provide the necessary outlay for roads, parks, etc., police and fire brigades, besides placing at least £3 annually to the credit of each man, woman and child, thus meeting the necessary expenditure for schools and insurance as well as old-age pensions until the citizens, freed from State tutelage, have learned to provide for these necessities by their own efforts.

This side of the programme of the Anti-political Union is of special interest as the present Minister of Education is himself opposed to compulsory education, a standpoint that is not rare among the people, though, of course, violently opposed by the teachers. Nevertheless, it is easy to prophesy that their antiquated and purely egotistical view will soon have to be abandoned. By being freed from the bureaucratic, mechanizing influence of the public authorities real education will profit immeasurably. It will become diversified, practical and adapted to the requirements of life instead of conforming to the whims of the powers that be. By leaving the organization of education to parents and the individual teachers whom they choose, it will become possible for the young to grow up into thinking beings instead of being turned into State worshippers with a veneer of false knowledge which is thick enough to prevent independent thought and the development of character. The mere suppression of State interference and administration is a big step towards the reform of education, as the removal of tens of thousands of officials makes it possible to abolish the system of examinations that renders the present schools so inadequate for the purpose of useful instruction.

In this way politics will be reduced to a minimum. The central administration can be carried out by five

director-generals presiding over the departments of Justice, Public Works, and Health, and over the Inspectorate of Police and the State bank. They would be appointed by a small State Council of—let us say—fifty members, who assemble every year to revise the laws required for the protection of life, property, and individual freedom, and control their administration. This would scarcely require more than one month's labour. There would therefore be no scope for the misdeeds of professional politicians.

In itself the electoral system devised by the Anti-political Union in Denmark prevents these from coming to the front. The whole country will form one single constituency. The fifty men or women who obtain the greatest number of votes will constitute the Commonwealth Council, where they will vote with the same number of votes that they have obtained at the general election, plus those which immediately afterwards have been transferred to them by the electors who in the first instance voted for candidates who did not succeed. In this way each elector will always have the influence that is his due on every decision taken by the Council. To keep its members straight each elector will possess besides the right to transfer his vote from one member to another as soon as he is dissatisfied with the use made of it.

Thus the formation of parties becomes as impossible as the need for them is non-existent, with the gratifying result that the Press would be purified and cease to distort facts according to the party wire-pullers. All men with ambition and initiative would have to turn to productive work. They would find plenty of employment in the many co-operative societies that would take over the greatest part of the work now done by the sheltered trade of bureaucracy and under the fictitious control of a Parliament and an electorate that are equally ignorant of the overwhelming majority of the questions submitted for their decision.

The complete liberation from State interference and the removal of all tax burdens would place all industries on a paying basis, while foreign capital would flow to the tax-free country. There would, indeed, be no unemployment except for professional politicians.

To make the picture of the new commonwealth complete some words must be added concerning the public debts and the public properties.

The latter should be sold and handed over to private management. Otherwise the existence of sheltered trades is just as inevitable as under the political rule of the Trade Unions. Nor may public authorities have anything to do with enterprises that are outside the strictly limited functions of the guardianship of Justice.

The value of the public properties in Denmark is so great that they would probably cover the whole amount of the public debts. But should this not be so, the proper way to proceed is to place the obligation of repaying the rest on the owners of accumulated wealth. Of this, a very considerable part is due, partly to the private confiscation of the economic rent, partly to the legal privileges that have prevented many citizens from obtaining the full fruits of their labour. To enable the owners of accumulated wealth to meet their obligations without any interference from political adventurers a specially elected Board should take over the liquidation of the public debts.

The removal of all taxation, together with the granting of local self-government and the freeing of education from State control, is the best way of solving the minority problem in Sleswig. Besides, the last war has taught the Germans the enormous advantage of a neutral Denmark. In spite of the incredible incompetence with which they, like all other belligerents, conducted their political and military affairs, there is therefore no reason to fear an attack on Denmark from that side. To expect it from anybody else is to enter the realm of fancy, so dear to those who wish to find an excuse for keeping up the traditional armaments and deliberately close their eyes to the fact that the development of the aerial fleets of the great nations against which the Danish capital cannot possibly be protected excludes all possibility of a successful defence. Complete disarmament is therefore not only in conformity with the underlying principles of the new order, but also the only reasonable solution for such a tiny commonwealth as Denmark.

In this connection one has to bear in mind that all

so-called foreign policy disappears when the means for making a political alliance are non-existent and no commercial treaties can be concluded, the Commonwealth having no power to impose custom duties or in any way discriminating against aliens while renouncing the so-called right to protect those nationals who elect to leave the country.

The programme of the Anti-Political Union shows the only possible road to permanent peace. A universal military and naval disarmament must be preceded by an economic disarmament. This again implies political disarmament. Only when each individual can everywhere get the full reward of his labour—none can monopolize natural resources and all receive their share of the values created by common effort—can all human beings work upon equal terms.

There is no reason why the Danish proposals should not be followed also by the great nations with colonial responsibilities. Their populations are so much denser than Denmark's that the proportionately greater economic rent will suffice to defray the expenditure required for the maintenance of armies and navies, and foreign and colonial offices, until possible enemies have themselves taken the same road to political disarmament, or as yet imperfectly civilized races have become capable of guaranteeing the fundamental rights to life, property and the pursuit of happiness.

The remodelling of the rôle of the State along the lines followed by the Anti-Political Union is also the only way to destroy the Bolshevist cancer. The cry for the dictatorship of the proletariat is not a mere haphazard phenomenon. It is but the inevitable outcome of the supreme folly that has insisted on grafting universal suffrage on to the forms of the time-honoured instrument of tutorship that is represented by the sovereign, self-sufficient State. This has, it is true, played a very great part in making the exploration and the linking together of the isolated parts of the earth possible. But it could only fulfil its destiny because, in the main, it was under the guidance of character and intelligence. The advent of democracy has altered this. Power now belongs to those who are best able to bribe

and flatter the great, stupid, ignorant masses of the electorate.

Besides, there is no longer any need to keep up the Machiavellian idea that the individual exists for the sake of the State. On the contrary, communication and transport facilities have established the final interdependence of every part of the globe. The *raison d'Etat* has become a hindrance to the spread and the smooth working of civilization. The State must now cease to be a master of the national subject and simply become the local servant of the world citizen, who expects to find his life and property equally well protected wherever he goes and to be free to draw upon all the bounties of the soil wherever found.

Then, and only then, can democracy with its universal suffrage become a blessing instead of a curse. However stupid and ignorant the overwhelming majority in every country may be, it has, nevertheless, the same capacity to appreciate the necessity for security of life and property and for freedom as the more intelligent and knowing minority.

The separation of politics from economics will leave to democracy all that is its due and all that it is capable of doing without destroying itself. It will make both politics and economics inseparable from universal ethics which were never more needed than now, when the restraining influence of doctrinal religion has lost its hold. But ethical inhibitions can never be of real value until they become identical for public and private life. In other words, when those who are entrusted with the conduct of public affairs in the exercise of their mission follow the very same principles that regulate the conduct of the private citizen! To have shown the only way in which this can be accomplished constitutes the everlasting glory of the Danish Anti-Political Union.

Just because it implies an absolute break with the oldest of all traditions, it is, indeed, the greatest of all human undertakings, and therefore apt to call forth that unbounded enthusiasm of which the present is so sorely in need and which alone can lead mankind out of the calamitous impasse to which the fatal attempt to apply old theories to new conditions has inevitably led.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Election Preparations.—France, more or less behind the scenes, is now busy with electioneering. Fortunately, the turmoil unchained in England on such occasions is usually absent from a campaign in France. M. Briand once declared that politicians only worried the man in the street when he found himself dragged down into the arena to share the blows which, in his view, should only be borne by the professional political gladiator. This attitude explains small polls. While candidates, and particularly extremists, both to Right and Left, "volley and thunder," the ordinary man, "le français moyen," keeps as far away from the struggle as possible. He has hitherto been enabled to do this by the lack of any real party organization. This time the case is altered. Both Communists and Socialists have extended and improved their party machines; and, thanks to the activity of M. Henri de Kerillis and the *Echo de Paris*, the Conservative Nationalists have managed to do a lot of useful work by an energetic poster propaganda and by creating a number of local fighting organizations. The scheme, which is being carried through in a spirit quite new to French politics, is very largely based upon the knowledge M. de Kerillis acquired of the Central Conservative organization and its campaign school in England. It remains to be seen how far the French elector will respond to this appeal, and it will be particularly interesting to note in what numbers M. de Kerillis will succeed in grouping the French Conservative workingman. The slogan of the organization may broadly be summarized as being "Church, France, Rhine," and "Down with Communism!"

Socialism has been actively pouring water into its wine, and before facing the country has wisely decided to put its capital levy proposals in the cloakroom. It has been decided that there shall be a Socialist candidate for every seat—one never knows what may happen in the event of a second ballot. Discussion as to tactics in such cases showed clearly at the last congress the three

main tendencies of the party so optimistically labelled "Unified."

The Left wing asked, first of all, that in any second ballot the Socialist candidate should retire in favour of the Communist. A resolution to this effect was not even considered. Then came the followers of the able and enigmatic millionaire, M. Léon Blum. He favoured giving a free hand to local federations in such a matter, provided always that they closed the road to reaction. Considerable care was taken not to define the political limits of "la réaction." Finally, M. Renaudel, who must have been a better veterinary surgeon than he is a politician, proposed an electoral alliance with the Radicals with a view to reconstituting the Cartel of unhappy memory.

At last, after long palaver, a resolution typical of the decisions of all such congresses was adopted, allowing the local bodies to do what they liked so long as their action did not favour the triumph of that mystic thing, "la réaction." This resolution, as it meant all things to all men, was naturally unanimously passed. The Socialists therefore remain just as unified as they were before.

M. Poincaré's Prospects. — When election time draws near, the lobbies of the Palais Bourbon are more littered than usual with bits of orange peel. Unwary or malicious Ministers slip, and in falling frequently are at pains to bring the rest of their colleagues with them, thus altering the aspect of the elections. It is therefore never safe to prophesy; but with the franc there is so much else at stake that it would be foolhardy, to say the least of it, for any politician to think of causing trouble. M. Poincaré has, after all is said and done, the simplest and safest programme. As a Frenchman said to me, "Il a au moins le mérite d'être franc." His appeal to the country to be allowed to carry through to the final stage of stabilization his work for the franc is bound to influence an electorate, nearly every constituent of which has some kind of property to defend.

Whether after the elections the Coalition Ministry will continue with its present personnel is quite another matter. Already there has been trouble over the division of opinion about the imprisonment of the Communist members. The ballot boxes clearly showed that a con-

siderable section of Radicals was prepared to make common cause with the Communists over this matter. Indeed, some persuasion was required to induce M. Herriot and M. Perrier, who are both Ministers largely dependent upon Socialist support, to remain in the Cabinet.

It is by no means certain, despite the jubilation of the Poincaréists, that this symptom of a revival of the Cartel within the Chamber may not find its field of activity extended to the constituencies, in which case M. Poincaré will have to mind his step.

Outlawing War. — If you discard all diplomatic delicacy and come down to brass tacks, M. Briand's proposal to outlaw war as between France and America really is not practical politics. It has given American statesmen an opportunity of showing how far aloof they remain in mind and spirit from the problems which confront their European colleagues on the Continent. Mr. Kellogg cannot seriously imagine that the French are going to scrap all the intricate diplomatic fences they have erected for their protection in Eastern Europe, that they are going to denounce all the agreements they have entered into at Geneva and elsewhere, merely in order to provide the Republican Party in the forthcoming Presidential elections with another triumph to trumpet forth to the faithful. M. Briand is probably sorry by now that he ever suggested his original idea, but, as an astute politician, he will probably manage in the long run to turn it to good use in his political profit and loss account. Even the semblance of a diplomatic success is a good thing for a Foreign Minister to have up his sleeve on the eve of elections.

Italy is another field in which it might be found. The new French Ambassador has now taken up his post in Rome, and there is talk of a meeting between M. Briand and the Duce. The two men are temperamentally so different that on the few occasions upon which they have come together in Rome and Locarno each has been interested in the other. That is a form of mutual flattery to which statesmen are just as susceptible as humdrum folk. In any case, feeling between the two countries has undergone a remarkable change for the better during the past year, and the Press and customs officials on both sides of the frontier are keeping their mouths shut.

East Africa at the Crossroads

By G. H. Lepper

FOR the million square miles of the British Empire which are comprehensively described as East Africa, 1928 is likely to prove a critical year. It has opened with the arrival on the scene of the Commission headed by Sir E. Hilton Young, D.S.O., M.P., and charged with the task of studying on the spot the possibility of closer political and economic relations between the territories of British East and Central Africa. Upon their conclusions the lines of future development will probably depend. Certainly the report of the Commission should determine for at least a decade whether some form of loose federation or possibly a dual grouping is practicable.

Opinion on closer union in East and Central Africa varies very greatly in the different territories, and is by no means definite anywhere. In Kenya, the only part of East Africa proper which contains a large unofficial white population with views, probably a majority favours closer union with Tanganyika, Uganda, and Zanzibar as a preliminary step, coincident with a grouping of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland in the south, with a view to eventual absorption of the two groups into a single federal State when communications have sufficiently developed. In Uganda the position is complicated by the existence of an organized native State, the Buganda kingdom, which views with distrust the prospect of any weakening of Colonial Office control, and has intimated that, if an East African federation comes into existence, it would prefer to be treated on the same lines as Basutoland or Bechuanaland under direct Imperial tutelage. The Kikuyu tribe in Kenya has recently expressed a similar opinion. In Tanganyika the peculiar conditions of the mandate under which it is administered oppose obstacles to a federation of the kind

favoured by the Kenya politicians, and the Governors of both Uganda and Tanganyika have been caustically critical of the tentative scheme recently put forward in Kenya. Even the unofficial whites in the two neighbouring territories have shown signs of shying at the expressed intention of the Kenyans to claim a definite position of leadership, if not dominance. This external reaction to their proposals has since caused the Kenyans to draw in their horns in pained surprise. Nor is the personality of Sir Edward Grigg, the Governor of Kenya, active politician as he is, calculated to smooth the way to agreement between the three East African mainland territories, for both Sir William Gowers, Governor of Uganda, and Sir Donald Cameron, Governor of Tanganyika, have, in recent utterances, shown a disposition to assert independence of and disagreement with the views and policies of Nairobi.

Even were its task confined to the northern group—Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Zanzibar—the Hilton Young Commission would have its work cut out to sift and weigh the advantages and demerits of the various forms of closer union. For, although there is undoubtedly much to be said in favour of a unification of public services and departments, such as railways, customs, posts and telegraphs, mining and research, there are financial, technical, and administrative difficulties that are far from trivial, and the fitting together of the pieces of this particular jigsaw puzzle will demand much patience and ingenuity. The southern group—Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland—presents quite a different set of problems, and their complexity is almost as great. Are these three territories to coalesce; are Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to be amalgamated and linked with the northern group; or is Northern Rhodesia to be partitioned, the eastern portion being amalgamated with Nyasaland and attached to the northern group, while the western is united to Southern Rhodesia? Northern Rhodesia also has a native kingdom—Barotseland—which would probably have to be dealt with on special lines, like Buganda. In that case we should, in the course of a few generations, be faced with a situation in South and East Africa that might give

rise to awkward questions between the British Government as administrator of a number of isolated native States—Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Swaziland, Barotseland, and Buganda—and the autonomous white States of South and East Africa surrounding or bordering on native territories. For these would become centres of native agitation and Alsatias for criminals fleeing from justice in the self-governing States. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and today it is not possible to legislate for such contingencies. It is in South Africa that the problem will first become acute, and it is probably to the Union that we shall have to look for a solution which will eventually dominate the entire area from the Cape to the Nile, regardless of the pious aspirations of White papers on British policy in East Africa. Such ideas were once dominant in this country regarding the position of the natives in South Africa, but they were compelled to retreat before the attitude of the white men on the spot as they grew in numbers and political power. So it will be in East and Central Africa as the highlands which stretch continuously from the Union to Kenya become closely settled, and no British Government will be able indefinitely to withstand this pressure.

Assuming that any form of closer union in East and Central Africa commends itself to the Commission, it seems very likely that it will take the form of a grouping into an East African block and a Central African or Greater Rhodesian block. The distances and lack of efficient intercommunication between the centres of gravity of the two groups are so great that the difficulties in the way of creating a single federal organization to embrace both are almost insuperable. The constitutional status of Southern Rhodesia as a self-governing colony is also a serious impediment to any such unity, and Southern Rhodesia has plainly intimated that she would view with disfavour the attachment of Northern Rhodesia to an East African federation which would leave her as a small isolated buffer State between the Union of South Africa and an East African federation. Nor is Northern Rhodesia attracted to the north. On the contrary, unofficial opinion in that protectorate seems to be turning definitely towards the Greater Rhodesia

solution.* Even in Nyasaland, despite the attempts of missionary and other interests to raise the bogy of Nyasaland labour being drained away by Southern Rhodesia, there are distinct signs that the white element is turning its eyes to the south rather than to the north.

The labour bogy just mentioned is at the bottom of most of the distrust of "federation" manifested in the territories lying between Kenya and Southern Rhodesia. Both these colonies are regarded as having designs on the native labour of the other territories, and no doubt there is a certain solid basis for this nervousness. At the same time it is almost impossible to stop "boys" from making their way to places where work is plentiful and wages high. Indeed, the existence of some form of closer union would facilitate control of such movements, and the territories which entertain such apprehensions could probably make a satisfactory bargain with their more powerful neighbours as the price of their consent to link themselves to Kenya or Southern Rhodesia as the case might be.

Another awkward corner that will have to be negotiated before a workable scheme of grouping or federation can be evolved is the customs tariff problem. This is complicated by the so-called "Congo Basin Treaties," as renewed and modified by the Convention of St. Germain en Laye in 1919, and by the restrictions imposed by the Tanganyika mandate. The Convention of St. Germain en Laye applies to all the British East and Central African territories except Southern Rhodesia and the greater part of Northern Rhodesia; the far north of the latter protectorate falls within the defined boundaries of the Congo basin, so that an arbitrary customs frontier cuts right across this territory. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that a similar state of affairs exists in Portuguese Angola and Mozambique and in French Equatorial Africa—at any rate in theory. Within the Congo basin zone and its eastern extension the administering powers are supposed to maintain a "complete commercial equality" between their nationals and those of "States,

* Except at Livingstone, the Northern Rhodesian capital, which naturally fears loss of status and trade in the event of either amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia or federation with the East African territories.

members of the League of Nations, which may adhere to the present Convention," but in practice this obligation is more rigorously interpreted by some of the contracting parties than by others. According to the British view it prevents the grant of a tariff preference to British goods. This would cause a certain amount of difficulty in the event of an amalgamation of Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, because, failing a modification of the St. Germain Convention, part of Greater Rhodesia would be subject to a preferential tariff regime and part would be affected by the Congo basin limitations. Kenya's desire to accord a preference to British goods is also frustrated by this Convention. The mandate restrictions in the case of Tanganyika imply that, even if Kenya and Uganda succeeded in freeing themselves from the Congo basin zone stipulations, they would be compelled either to submit to the tariff restrictions imposed on Tanganyika or maintain a customs frontier along their Tanganyika borders. Desirable as a customs union between Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika may be, the two former territories may feel that submission to the Tanganyika restrictions is too heavy a price to pay. The Convention of St. Germain is due for revision next year, and some at least of the British East and Central African territories are anxious that they should be freed from the shackles it imposes on their freedom to grant a preference to goods of Empire origin. Probably the other Powers primarily concerned—France, Belgium, and Portugal—would agree to the abolition of this part of the Convention, but, in the case of France, a bargain would have to be struck which would include a settlement of French claims under an old treaty with Zanzibar. The United States, Germany, and Japan would, however, almost certainly object, but it would be difficult for them to resist a unanimous move by the administering Powers. As for the Tanganyika mandate, any such alteration will have to be postponed until that territory has become so firmly embedded in a well-established East African State that the logic of events will put an end to its status as League of Nations territory.

During its tour the Commission will doubtless devote some attention to the stultification of the East African

Guaranteed Loan Act, passed by Parliament in 1926, which authorized the East African territories to borrow up to £10,000,000 for development purposes. Sir George Schuster, one of the members of the Commission, was chairman of the committee charged with the task of apportioning the £10,000,000 between the different territories and winnowing financially sound schemes from the numerous projects put forward. It was pointed out by well-informed critics at the time that the failure of the British Government to adopt the vital recommendation of Mr. Ormsby-Gore's East African Commission of 1924, that the Imperial Exchequer should be responsible for interest and sinking fund payments for at least five years, would render the Loan Act practically valueless. For, with the exception of Kenya, and possibly Uganda, none of the territories could shoulder the burden of interest payments during the initial period when the proposed new railways were building up traffic. Kenya has since decided that she will not participate in the loan, of which over £3,000,000 was provisionally allotted to her, preferring to borrow money on her own responsibility. This her status as a "colony" and the state of her finances permit her to do. Economic inquiry into the important new trunk railways in Tanganyika, advocated by the East African Commission for development purposes, has shown that these can only be built if the British Government is prepared to meet the interest charges for some years. The one big project which appears to have survived investigation is the Zambezi bridge, and even in this case it seems not unlikely that it will be necessary to proceed on a basis outside the provisions of the East African Loan Act. Unless that Act is to become a dead letter and the principal recommendation of the East African Commission go by the board, it will have to be amended on the lines originally proposed. The shortsighted policy of the Treasury was allowed to triumph over the long view that British industry would eventually reap a rich reward from money wisely spent in opening up extensive and fertile areas that can only be developed by means of new railways, which cannot possibly pay until settlement has taken place. The lesson of the Uganda Railway

and the Canadian Pacific, both of which were built in the first place for political purposes, but brought about an immense commercial development, has evidently not yet been learnt in Whitehall. The results of Sir George Schuster's personal impressions, if he himself is convinced that there is justification for a bolder financial policy to promote East African development, should go far towards converting the Treasury. Moreover, it would be a mistake to assume that Sir George Schuster sees only with the cold eye of an auditor. For the report of the East African Guaranteed Loan Committee, of which he is chairman, made it clear that its members would in certain cases have liked to apply other touchstones than immediate payability. For example, in referring to their failure to recommend any allocation for the proposed trunk line to open up the south-western highlands of Tanganyika, the committee expressed the view that this case should be reconsidered when all the necessary information was available, adding that "the possibility of giving some greater measure of assistance than can be afforded by the present loan proposals should not be finally ruled out." Mr. Amery has hinted that the Government is not adamant in regard to giving such assistance in special cases; but if this is so, the passage of the Loan Act in the form in which it received the Royal Assent would seem to have been a somewhat futile proceeding. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the projects which will pass the tests laid down by that Act will account for even one quarter of £10,000,000.

One of the greatest evils with which East Africa is menaced is the tendency for this region to become a happy hunting-ground not only for British politicians, but also for commissions and experts. This tendency, however, has done something to stimulate the movement towards closer union as a means of achieving greater freedom, and at an earlier date, from the control of Downing Street and the attentions of Westminster than would otherwise be realized. The ridiculous and vindictive attacks on the white residents of Kenya made by Peers and Members of the House of Commons, whose amiable humanitarianism or political prejudices are fired by distorted accounts of isolated incidents and who have

no first-hand African experience, have aroused in East Africa just such feelings as were widespread in South Africa during the nineteenth century. This attitude has been strengthened by the impression that the British Government is itself not entirely free from a pro-African sentimentality somewhat out of touch with realities, and that some of the administrators and civil servants sent out are heavily tarred with the same brush. The history of our oversea Empire records a constant succession of conflicts of this nature between British Governments and colonists, and in the end colonists have always had their way, at any rate since the American War of Independence.

The Prayer Book

By Major Guy M. Kindersley, O.B.E., M.P.

How did Parliament deal with the new Prayer Book of 1662?

The question being propounded whether Debate shall be admitted to the amendments made by the Convocation in the Book of Common Prayer and sent down by the Lords to this House;

And the question being put, whether that question shall be now put;

It was resolved in the affirmative.

And the main question being put whether Debate shall be admitted to the amendments made by the Convocation in the Book of Common Prayer and sent down by the Lords to this House, the House was divided

Yeas 90
Noes 96

and so it passed in the negative.

The question being put That the amendments made by the Convocation and sent down by the Lords to this House might, by the order of this House, have been debated,

It was resolved in the affirmative.

This extract from the House of Commons journals of April 16, 1662, suggests a course which might with advantage have been followed by the House on December 15, 1927.

The present Book of Common Prayer of 1662 was attached to the Act of Uniformity, and although it contained some considerable doctrinal changes, the House of Commons then decided not to discuss the decisions of Convocation. The "Deposited Book," which was rejected by the House of Commons, had not only received the approval of Convocation and the Ecclesiastical Committee of Parliament, but had been passed by the Church Assembly, which is a representative body elected on modern democratic principles. There

was therefore every reason that the House of Commons should have followed the example of their predecessors in 1662. However, the decision has been taken and the House has rejected, on doctrinal grounds, after a debate of seven hours, a book which has occupied the best brains of the Church over a period of some twenty years. The House, consisting of men of all creeds and none, has decided that the book involved changes of doctrine in spite of the assurance of the archbishops and bishops and the report of its own Ecclesiastical Committee to the contrary. It has in effect said to the archbishops and bishops, either, "You are mistaken and we know better than you"—an attitude which no serious assembly would adopt on any other technical subject—or, "You are deliberately deceiving the country." Neither attitude is a tribute to the commonsense of the Mother of Parliaments.

Broadly speaking, the Deposited Book was rejected on the ground that it was in conflict with what are vaguely called "the principles of the Reformation." It would be impossible in the course of a short article to deal with the details of the alternative Communion Service, the Black Rubric, the Reservation of the Sacrament, and other doctrinal points which were raised during the debate, and I shall therefore confine myself to showing that the Reformation settlement has never been accepted by the extreme Protestant party in this country, and that, in so far as they understand the existing Book of Common Prayer, their objections to it must be just as strong as to the Deposited Book. To begin with, the English Reformation is often spoken of as if it was an event which occurred at a particular moment of time. This is historically quite inaccurate. The religious, apart from the political, side of the Reformation was a process which continued from 1534, the date of the break with Rome, until 1662, the date of the existing Book of Common Prayer. During this period there were several revisions of the Prayer Book, and on every occasion a supreme effort was made by the Protestant party to eliminate from it the Catholic practice and tradition to which they objected. On one occasion, in 1552, with the help of the Protector Somerset, the Protestant Calvinists

were successful and got a prayer book after their own heart, but with the advent of Queen Elizabeth the Book of 1552 was replaced by the Book of 1559, and the Catholic tradition was restored.

The way in which the break with Rome in 1534 was regarded by the leaders of the Church of England at that time can best be expressed by the following extract from the work of the Rev. Leighton Pullan on the Book of Common Prayer (edition of 1901):

> Both the Convocations of York and Canterbury then threw off the jurisdiction of the Pope by asserting that "the bishop of Rome hath not by Scripture any greater authority in England than any other foreign bishop." The words are carefully chosen, and they contain within themselves the whole principle of English protest against Rome. They do not deny that the Pope has a primacy of honour among Christian bishops acquired by the consent of the Church; nor has the Church of England ever denied this primacy. They simply declare that no primacy was granted by Christ to St. Peter and his supposed successors in the see of Rome, sufficient to make the Pope the necessary centre of truth and government in the Church. After such a declaration two courses were open to the Church of England: either to adopt the Protestant principle by attempting entirely to reconstitute the Church by a new appeal to Scripture, or to return to a purer Catholicism by simply rejecting any doctrine which could not claim the continuous assent of the Church both in East and West. The English Church chose the latter method.

The present book of 1662 has never been accepted by the ultra-Protestants. When William of Orange landed in this country, being a Dutch Calvinist, he desired to get an agreement between the Church of England and the "Protestant Dissenters." A command was issued to ten bishops and twenty divines to prepare alterations in the liturgy and canons. The alterations suggested by the commission included: (1) a second form of consecration in the Communion Service, in which mention of partaking of Christ's most blessed Body and Blood is omitted and kneeling is made optional; (2) mention of private absolution to be omitted from the first exhortation to the Communion Service; (3) Confirmation to be modified so as to suggest that it does not mean a bestowal of the gifts of the Holy Ghost; (4) daily recitation of Morning and Evening Prayer to be relaxed. It is true that these proposals were never laid before Convocation because it was known that they would be rejected,

but it shows that both the Commission which made them, and Convocation which was prepared to reject them, were agreed that the Prayer Book is steeped in doctrine which "Protestant Dissenters" could not conscientiously accept.

It is quite certain that many of those who voted last December against the Deposited Book would be equally opposed to doctrines which are to be found expressed or implied in the present Book of Common Prayer. Would the Home Secretary, for instance, accept in its natural meaning the form of Absolution provided in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick? Does he accept the definition of the Sacrament of Holy Communion contained in the Catechism which is to be taught to the children of the Church? It would be surprising if he and many of those who voted with him could honestly answer these questions in the affirmative.

It must be recognized that, while the position of the Church of England has always been one of compromise, it has throughout the whole of its history steadily refused to surrender the faith and practice of the Catholic Church, while repudiating the errors of Rome, in spite of the continual efforts of the Protestant party to tear the Catholic tradition out of the Prayer Book. The present effort of this party, which is only in accordance with its tradition, can only be successful at the cost of the disruption of the Church of England. No self-respecting spiritual body could possibly allow its doctrines to be dictated to it by the House of Commons, and while it may be possible in the light of the debates which took place in the two Houses to make certain changes by way of explanation or for the sake of greater clearness and the removal of misunderstanding, any alteration of the Deposited Book in substance would be met with the strenuous resistance of many of those who gave it their support on December 15 last. Our Protestant fellow-churchmen will have therefore to decide whether they are prepared to sacrifice the loaves and fishes of establishment, or to continue to accept the compromise under which the two schools of thought in the Church have hitherto been able to live together. Those members of the Church of England who hold fast to what they conceive to be the historic position of their Church

believe that in so doing they are preserving something which, in the Providence of God, may be destined to bridge the existing divisions of Christendom.

It is a great pity that we cannot look away from our differences of expression and inadequate symbolisms to the eternal realities of which they are but the shadows, and listen to the Church's summons as she approaches the supreme moment in the sacred liturgy, *Sursum corda* —"lift up your hearts." When the aged Apostle on his lonely isle sought to translate into language his vision of those realities, he used the symbol of a sacrifice—the Lamb as it had been slain—to interpret what he had seen at the centre of the universe, in the midst of the Throne of God, the object of the urgent and unceasing adoration of the hosts of heaven. It is only in so far as our love is kindled at that eternal altar and flames up into self-sacrifice and service that man's impotent strivings towards a better order can be made effective. Can we not in charity believe that in spite of our differences it is to that altar, and to no other, that all Christian men and women, in their different methods and by their several paths, are trying to grope their way?

The House of Commons and the Prayer Book Measure

By H. W. Collins, A.K.C.

It is still proposed, after the decisive defeat of the New Prayer Book in the House of Commons, to reintroduce it with modifications, so that the matter is not regarded as settled. In considering the questions at issue, it should be borne in mind that the Church of England is unique in its character. It is a National Church by law established, and is built into the very fabric of the Constitution. It is at once Catholic and Protestant because it protests (i.e. makes a declaration) in support of the truths preserved in the Roman Catholic Church and in condemnation of its errors. The King must be a member of the Church of England, and in his coronation oath he undertakes to maintain the Protestant religion. The writer of the article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" on "The Church of England," says: "Protestantism, indeed, since the Act of Settlement of 1689 has been the essence of the Constitution." Many Anglo-Catholics, however, declare that there is an impassable gulf between Protestantism and Catholicism. Can it, therefore, be one of their aims to get this Act and that of 1701 amended and so do away with the Protestant succession? If the Deposited Book with its proposed alterations retains its Protestant character, how can these Anglo-Catholics accept it; whilst if it does not, how can the Royal assent be given to the Measure? At the Reformation the Pope's claim to exercise authority in England was repudiated, and by the Prayer Book of 1552 the truth of the dogma of Transubstantiation was denied and the Roman Mass was altered to our present Communion Service. In the report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline in 1906, it was pointed out that one of the illegal practices of "special gravity and significance" was "Celebration of the Holy Eucharist with the intent that there shall be no communicant except the celebrant." Many Anglo-Catholics desire that the service should be renamed the Mass (a word they habitually use) and that the elements be reserved as in

the Roman Church, and without actually using the word Transubstantiation, they have coined the phrase "Objective Real Presence," which is not necessarily inconsistent with that dogma. Many Anglo-Catholics speak slightingly of Protestants and of the Reformation, which they desire should be wholly or partially reversed. In taking this view they are quite out of sympathy with the great majority of the people in England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, the Dominions, the United States (founded by Protestants) and, in fact, with English-speaking peoples throughout the Empire and the world. It is of the utmost importance that a general sympathy in their attitude towards social ideals and religious belief should be maintained between these great communities on whom the maintenance of peace and the wholesome development of humanity so largely depend. The English-speaking peoples, taken as a whole, are proud of the Reformation, which they look upon as the foundation of the greatness of England—the Mother Country of them all. They distrust sacerdotalism and the practice of habitual aural confession, and believe that the spiritual, intellectual, and political freedom which they have won is the result of the Reformation, and that the strength of character necessary to maintain it was built up on the principle of personal responsibility inherent in Protestantism. They are confirmed in this opinion when they find that in the (amongst others) non-Protestant countries of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Poland, Russia, and Mexico, the peoples are, in no sense, free. They believe that the Reformation saved Christianity, Civilization, and even the Church of Rome, which had fallen into a state of almost inconceivable degradation, by compelling it to reform itself.

In the Roman Church the services of the Mass and Communion and the practice of Reservation are based on the dogma of Transubstantiation. At the Council of Trent (in the sixteenth century) it was declared that: "If anyone shall say that in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there remains, together with the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the substance of the Bread and Wine, and shall deny that wonderful and singular conversion of the whole substance of the Bread

into (His) Body and of the Wine into (His) Blood, the species only of the Bread and Wine remaining—which conversion the Catholic Church most fittingly calls Transubstantiation—let him be anathema."

In this declaration the word "substance" is used for reality as distinguished from outward appearance, and the word "species" for outward appearance as opposed to reality.

In pronouncing "anathema" against wilful heretics the Roman Catholic Church declares that they are excluded from her Communion, and that they must, if they continue obstinate, perish eternally.

The dogma of Transubstantiation is repudiated in No. 28 of the Articles of Religion of the Church of England, and in one of the Rubrics of the Communion Service it is declared that: "The Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances."

This Rubric is not included in the alternative Communion Service, an omission which may possibly be the first step towards a recognition of some kind of quasi-doctrine of Transubstantiation. In any case, it imports a serious difference between the alternative services, one of which includes, whilst the other does not, a repudiation of a vital dogma. May it be intended that this be followed by some modification of the 28th Article?

Under the rules of the Book of Common Prayer, reservation is illegal, whilst in the Deposited Book it is allowed on certain conditions. It is, however, difficult to dissociate Reservation of any kind from the idea of some physical change in the elements, such as is taught in the dogma of Transubstantiation. Once Reservation be permitted, it is doubtful whether it would be possible to enforce the legal restrictions prescribed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his speech in the House of Lords, explained that when he first sat on the committee dealing with Reservation, he had hoped that it would not be necessary to sanction it at all, as it seemed to him "that the danger of superstition loomed rather large."

The Rev. F. Woodlock (a Roman Catholic priest) says, in a letter in the *Times* of June 20, 1927, "I am quite aware that the modern Anglo-Catholic theology

has returned to the Catholic concept of the offering of Christ's body and blood on the earthly altar."

He also said (as quoted by Sir William Joynson-Hicks) that "The new alternative order of Communion included elements previously lacking which quite definitely brought it into line with a Mass."

In his book entitled "The Faith of an English Catholic," Dr. Darwell Stone, one of the most prominent leaders of the Anglo-Catholics, in discussing this question, says that "there is no reason that some difference of opinion on this point should cause division," and adds that, "hardly any, if any, theologians at the present time hold a theory of Transubstantiation to which serious religious objections can be made." By becoming an ordained minister of the Church of England, Dr. Stone assented to the repudiation of this dogma. He now states that, in the changes which have been made in the service of the Holy Communion, "behind ceremony there has been doctrine. The Eucharistic vestments—the amice, alb, girdle, maniple, chasuble—afford a convenient instance." The vestments which Dr. Stone calls "Eucharistic vestments" are, in fact, "Mass vestments," and he and his followers always speak of "The Mass," although no such service is recognized either in the Book of Common Prayer or in the Deposited Book. He admits that his sympathies "are all with the adoption of the colours and methods of ceremonial which are characteristic of the Roman Catholic Church of today," and explains that, in addition to other reasons, the use of the vestments has been restored "because they were felt to be an outward sign that in fundamental doctrine the Church of England today is at one with the rest of the Catholic Church in the past and in the present."

Thus Dr. Stone admits that his sympathies are all with the adoption of the Roman Catholic ceremonial of today. This clearly indicates that he is also in sympathy with the doctrine behind it, i.e. of course, in the Communion service, the dogma of Transubstantiation. Dr. Stone declares his reasons against the acceptance of this doctrine are "historical and philosophical rather than theological or religious." Is such an attitude, on the part of himself and his followers, consistent with membership of the Church of England?

THE PRAYER BOOK MEASURE

In his first letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Barnes) said that "the doctrine of Transubstantiation is untrue," and the archbishop, in his reply, signified that he agreed in this respect with Dr. Barnes. If all the bishops were to sign a declaration that, in agreement with the Archbishop, they repudiated the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the position would be greatly improved.

The word "enrichment" has been freely used in connection with the revised Prayer Book, but the word "impoverishment" could be more correctly applied to the alternative orders for Morning and Evening Prayer. Before these alternative services there is "An introduction" in which it is ordered that "on all Sundays (except such as are Principal Feasts) this introduction shall precede both Morning and Evening Prayer, except that it may be omitted when another service provided in this Book follows immediately." Under the further instructions given, the Exhortation may be shortened or omitted and the General Confession and Absolution shortened except on Advent Sunday and the First Sunday in Lent. In each alternative order the opening words are: "O Lord, open Thou our lips." The Lord's Prayer is omitted from the introduction, and only in the shorter form included in the services of Morning and Evening Prayer. The General Confession and Absolution are vital parts of these services which, without them, become reduced to a subsidiary status. The "Alternative Order for the Administration of the Holy Communion," in which the Exhortation, General Confession, and Absolution are always included, would thus be the only constantly complete service in the revised Prayer Book. For this reason alone, the Deposited Book, unless adequately amended, should be again rejected.

The Report (dated June 1906) of the Royal Commission, signed by (amongst others) the Archbishop of Canterbury, was on "Ecclesiastical Discipline." The signatories said: "It is important that the law should be reformed, that it should admit of reasonable elasticity, and that the means of enforcing it should be improved; but above all, it is necessary that it should be obeyed."

What provision is there in the "Prayer Book Measure" for enabling the authorities to enforce obedience?

Logically, this machinery should have been in operation before the Deposited Book was considered. Now it should either be included in any fresh or amended measure to be laid before Parliament, or it should be dealt with simultaneously in a separate measure.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter to Canon Storr, says that "all" may "rest assured" that the new Book "will be faithfully administered." If, however, the bishops, in plain terms, all promised to act in accordance with the Archbishop's declaration, what sufficient power would they have to do so, and if they did not exercise what power they had, how are they, in their turn, to have disciplinary measures applied to them? There must be a supreme authority with power to suspend any offending minister, whether bishop, priest or deacon, and, if necessary, deprive him of his office.

As things stand, the difficulties which would certainly be created by the alternative uses would find the bishops unprovided with the adequate machinery for dealing with them.

The necessity for this is clearly shown by the warnings issued from time to time by well-known clerical and lay Anglo-Catholics. In the *Times* of April 28 last a letter was published from the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay, Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Rev. H. Ross, Vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, and Proctor in Convocation, in which they explained "without entering into detail," that "we could not accept the proposed restrictions on our methods of work," which, they added, had been "at least" tolerated by the Bishop of London for many years.

In the *Times* of June 20 there was a letter signed by Lord Halifax, Sir Henry Slesser, and others, in which they referred to the letter from the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay and the Rev. H. Ross, and said they felt bound to place on record their conviction that if the necessity arose, "such clergy" would have the "unhesitating support" of a "considerable body" of the laity. They added that it was their "earnest hope" that should the Deposited Book become law, "some means other than coercion will have been found to meet the resulting situation."

THE PRAYER BOOK MEASURE

It was stated in the *Church Times* (July 22) that 700 Anglo-Catholic priests had "signed a memorandum pledging themselves to have nothing to do with the book," i.e. the Deposited Book. In the same paper (July 15), it was reported that by permission of the Bishop of London (which he had no legal power to give) "Mass was said according to the American rite" at All Saints', Margaret Street, on Sunday morning, July 3, and that in the evening of that day an American priest, Father Hughson, preached there. He was one of the chosen speakers at the Anglo-Catholic Congress, and in dealing with the dogma of Transubstantiation he appeared to accept it in its entirety.

Notice is thus clearly given to the authorities that Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ross, and many others, intend to continue to break the law, and in doing so will be supported by Lord Halifax and other laymen. It is obvious that the law should be strengthened.

The avowed desire of the Anglo-Catholics is to reverse, wholly or in part, the results of the Reformation, and it is one of the objects of the Prayer Book revision to satisfy, in some measure, the claims of this section of the Church of England. In trying to do this, a step has been taken that brings the Church of England nearer to the Church of Rome, which declines all compromise and demands complete submission, and further from the Free Churches that at some future time may rejoin the Mother Church from which they are now divided.

History tells us that without the Reformation England would never have been a great nation and that the British Empire would never have existed, as the Pope had divided the world between Spain and Portugal. For two hundred years England led the Protestants of Northern Europe, and, to uphold Protestantism, carried through a revolution.

As the Measure has been rejected, the alternative policy suggested by the Bishop of Norwich could be considered. The Bishop clearly explained his position in his speech on June 17, at Sion College, a full report of which can be obtained from the National Church League, Wine Office Court, E.C.4. He pointed out

that a great part of the Measure was outside controversy and might be embodied in a fresh measure.

This course could, in effect, be normally taken, as in the "Church of England Assembly (Powers) Act, 1919, it is provided that if upon a measure being laid before Parliament the Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords and the Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, acting in consultation, shall be of opinion that the measure deals with two or more different subjects which might be more properly divided, they may by joint agreement divide the measure into two or more separate measures accordingly, and thereupon this section (i.e. section 4) shall have effect as if each of the measures resulting from such division had been laid before Parliament as a separate measure."

These divisional measures could then be accompanied by an additional one providing machinery to enforce without delay the necessary order and discipline, the expenses of taking action being payable out of a central fund.

The absence of reasonable discipline in the Church of England offends and alarms a large section of the laity, and probably accounts in a great measure for the lack of adequate subscriptions to enable sufficient stipends to be paid, and also for the insufficient number of the best type of candidates of moderate views for the ministry. To conscientious ministers who try to do their duty and observe their ordination vows, it must be almost intolerable to see notorious law-breakers not only allowed to go unpenalized, but frequently rewarded with promotion.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks pointed out in his speech in the House of Commons that the Bishop of London "had filled" his diocese "with men who are guilty of practices and doctrines which the Royal Commission, the late Archbishop Temple and the Archbishop of York, have declared to be not merely illegal in law but against the doctrines of the Church." Sir William asked how it would be possible for the Bishop to say to those guilty of illegalities, "You must give up all these practices." There are other bishops who would find themselves in the same difficult position.

Sir William drew attention to the conduct of Canon

Bullock-Webster, who, after creating a disturbance in St. Paul's Cathedral a short time ago, went back to his own church (St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal) and celebrated an illegal service. Sir William added, "The Patron of that church is the Archbishop of Canterbury, the man who appoints to this living is the Archbishop."

Sir William went on to say that he had received a circular from the Federation of Anglo-Catholic Priests (said to be 1,400 in number) who state quite definitely that they could not obey the new Prayer Book and "pledge themselves to support one another against the order of the Bishops given in accordance with the rubric of the new Prayer Book."

Lord Halifax said in the House of Lords that, at the church with which he was connected, the Archbishop of York permitted the use of the Prayer Book of 1549. It would seem that in doing so the Archbishop went beyond his legal powers.

In the consecration of a Nunnery Chapel, the Bishop of St. Albans used an extravagant ritual which is said to have been taken from some Roman Catholic Pontifical service book. In any case it had no resemblance to a consecration service of the Church of England. How could the Bishop restrain the ritual of his clergy?

The Rev. Percy Dearmer says that in the "nervous unsettlement" caused by the war, a number of clergy "formed the policy of reserving the sacrament in tabernacles and encouraging such 'devotions' as Benediction—devotions which were hardly heard of before the war." These services are, of course, illegal either under the Book of Common Prayer or the Deposited Book.

Thus the speeches in the House of Commons emphasized the urgent need for a drastic amendment of the Deposited Book and, in addition, a fresh measure providing the necessary machinery for enforcing discipline.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury administered the coronation oath he asked the King this question:

"Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England and the doctrine, worship,

discipline, and government thereof as by law established in England?"

To this the King replied: "All this I promise to do," and afterwards said, laying his hand on the Holy Gospels: "The things which I have herebefore promised I will perform and keep, so help me, God," and then kissed the Book.

In the preface to the Book of Common Prayer it is pointed out that "whereas heretofore there hath been great diversity . . . some following Salisbury Use, some Hereford Use, and some the Use of Bangor, some of York, some of Lincoln; now from henceforth all the whole Realm shall have but one use."

By authorizing alternative services there would cease to be a Book of "Common Prayer," and there would not be only two uses, but as, under certain conditions, portions of the alternative services may be substituted for corresponding portions in the existing Book, there might be, in effect, many uses, not only in different dioceses, but even in the same diocese.

As the King, in his coronation oath, bound himself to "preserve inviolably" the "worship" of the Church, "as by law established in England," i.e. the one use contained in the Book of Common Prayer, could the Measure in its present form, even if it were passed by the two Houses, be presented to him for the Royal assent?

It is difficult to see how this could be given without the amendment of the Acts of 1689 and 1701. The decision of the Ecclesiastical Committee was not unanimous, and it might be desirable to have a case stated for the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Neither at the date of the Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline in June 1906, nor at the passing of the Church of England Assembly (Powers) Act, 1919, was it apparently contemplated that there should be more than one Prayer Book or one use.

The vote of the House of Commons has been generally recognized as a true reflection of the opinion in the country; and it is clear that the Archbishops and their advisers misjudged the tone and temper of the time. It is now evident that, taken as a whole, the nation is deeply attached to Protestantism and the Protestant succession

which a right instinct tells them are the strongest safeguards of the inherited freedom they prize so much. It must be remembered by those who speak of disestablishment that only by Act of Parliament can the Church be disestablished or disendowed.

The papal Encyclical, published last month, declares in the most uncompromising terms that the Roman Catholic Church, as a condition of membership, insists upon absolute submission. This clearly shows the futility of the persistent efforts made at Malines by Lord Halifax, Dr. Gore, and others at the conferences with the late Cardinal Mercier and others to reconcile the irreconcilable. Just at the same time, Lord Halifax published his "Notes on the Conversations at Malines, 1921–1925," which, he says, disclose "a considerable measure of agreement."

One of the concessions made by the Anglican members of the conference was:

"That a visible headship of the Church might be implied in the commission bestowed by Our Lord upon St. Peter, and might even be found to be essential for the accomplishment of a reunited Christendom."

In the Encyclical, however, it is required that every Roman Catholic must yield an unqualified recognition of the dogma that the Pope is the Head of the Church "by divine right," and not merely by the acquiescence of the faithful. This obviously means that the proposed concession is unacceptable to the Pope, who declares that "it is the duty of human creatures to adhere" to the Roman Catholic Church and that unity can only be brought about by "the return of dissidents" to that Church. He adds that "there is only one authority"—the infallible magistracy of the Roman Pontiff."

Surely Anglo-Catholics must now see the hopelessness of the attempt to bring about the union or agreement with the Roman Catholic Church which many of them so ardently desire. The Pope makes no distinction between the Church of England and other Christian bodies who do not accept all the Roman dogmas. He puts them all alike outside the pale. It, therefore, only remains for them to work for an essential solidarity—harmony without monotony; variety without discord.

Thomas Hardy, O.M.

By Vernon Rendall

WHEN some twenty-five years since I saw Hardy in London, he was as genial and conversable as usual, but he seemed too frail to make old bones. Yet he lived to be eighty-eight and, retaining a happy simplicity, to become the acknowledged head of English letters with a world-wide reputation. Dorchester gloried in being his Casterbridge, and his fame grew year by year. It was not so in earlier days. He himself told me that he had been refused refreshment at the inn in Marnhull, which owes any reputation it has to his "Tess," and a disciple who asked for "Hardy" in Dorchester in the early years of the twentieth century was supposed to want "Henry Hardy, the builder." Even his cousin and contemporary, Miss Teresa Hardy, said the other day that she never thought he would take to writing, and did not approve when he did. In her view "writing is not a respectable way of making a living."

Hailed as the last of the Victorians, Hardy was as little inclined to the Victorian compromise and concealment as Swinburne. Born of peasant stock, he could and did write what Victorian gentlemen thought it proper to ignore or suppress. He created in his Wessex (a word used once by George Eliot) a wonderful piece of essential England. He immortalized those rustics who seem so strange to the townsman, with their curious and real expertness in their work, their humorous pessimism and free language, and their frank recognition of the facts of life and death. They seem very close to the earth and of it; they lack all the trappings of sentimentality. A Dorset man on his deathbed could choose his bearers and go into the details of his own funeral.* This hard-bitten folk, difficult of access and uneasy with strangers, possessed till recently—I do not know if the schoolmaster has destroyed it today—the vivid and direct speech of the

* See Julie-Jane: "Time's Laughing-stocks."

Wessex novels, and their dialect, as Hardy recognized in a letter to me, is akin to that of Shakespeare's country. There are deliberate echoes of Shakespeare in some of Hardy's scenes. Shakespeare's "woodland fellow that always loved a great fire" might have come out of his pages; a throat is as "dry as a kex"; a man speaks of "the way to the great fireplace, ever I should sin to say it"; and the use of the interjection "Good-now!" is another link between the two.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" and the charming idyll of "Under the Greenwood Tree" exhibit the Dorset folk to perfection, and the first already shows that study of passion and the misfortunes of sex which rises to its height in "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure." Scott hardly mentions kissing; Hardy is the first English author to analyse it and to explain that practice makes perfect. His most ambitious novels, being dubious stuff for the respectable Victorian world, were mutilated in their serial form and only given in full after some delay for consideration. They were addressed by "a man to men and women of mature age"; they attempted "to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled desire." So he wrote in the preface of his last novel. The preface to "Tess" proclaims that the truth is right, even if offence come out of it. Here was in 1892 an audacious tragedy for an English novelist, in which the great campaign of the heroine began "after an event in her experience which has usually been treated as extinguishing her." The Victorian policy of suppression has long since been routed, and it is often forgotten that Hardy was a protagonist in the early attack. But great as the achievement in beauty and emotion of "Tess" is, the book is unequal. If it had all reached the height of the Dairy Farm, criticism would have been silenced. Like "Adam Bede," it is a story of seduction; but George Eliot figured her little heroine with Praxitelean tenderness, and spoilt the tragedy by marrying off the once passionate lover to another, so that all could end smoothly and happily. Hardy gave us the whole heart and agony of his Tess

and followed her resolutely to her doom. George Eliot had behind her work the idea of Nemesis. She was pre-eminently moral: Hardy was pre-eminently human.

But in "Tess" and "Jude" the philosophy of indifferent gods and tortured humanity is felt to be too much. The author's comment on common experience is terrible:

> In the ill-judged execution of the well-judged plan of things the call seldom produces the comer, the man in love rarely coincides with the hour for loving. Nature does not often say, "See!" to her poor creature at a time when seeing can lead to happy doing, or reply "Here!" to a body's cry of "Where?" till the hide and seek has become an irksome and outworn game.

So Tess lifts her head now and again only for the hammer-stroke of destiny to descend upon it. This is not, however, to say that Hardy's pessimism, the creed of Tacitus, Balzac, and "King Lear," is less sound than vague optimism or that prevailing sentimentalism which destroys all true values and makes the fortune of so many authors. Despair, too, owns its own proud sense of nobility and lends a Greek intensity to "The Mayor of Casterbridge," which is more particularly a study of one man's deeds and character than any of the Wessex novels. "The Woodlanders" and "The Return of the Native" are Dorset to the core, and both masterpieces. Egdon Heath (surprisingly small when one sees it), with its moving figures from men and women to wriggling insects, the wind, the trees, which emit convulsive sounds as if in pain at every onset of the gale—all is moulded into a superb whole, and the figure of Eustacia Vye calls forth some of Hardy's most finished and beautiful writing. As a stylist he is unequal, but he rises to great moments. The simple epitaph with which the poor girl bewails her lover at the end of "The Woodlanders" is all pure Saxon and admirably right. It should be added that Hardy shows great distinction in similes and the description of Nature in detail, while he has an eye for all that is mysterious and old, the Roman pavement at Dorchester, the Giant of Cerne Abbas, or the tremendous rampart of Mai-dun Castle.

After the novels came a long period of verse, including some early work. Good judges have put this side of

Hardy's genius above his prose. Recognizing its painful poignancy, I cannot agree, and find the best of it in such simple verses as:

> Yonder a maid and her wight
> Come whispering by:
> War's annals will cloud into night,
> Ere their story die,

or other occasional gleams in a haunted gloom of *desiderium* and bitter irony. The tribute to "Shelley's Skylark" concentrates on the death of the bird; the dog that seeks the grave of his mistress is only after a bone he has hidden in a safe place. Much of the verse seems deliberately jangled and harsh, an endless expression of the pains of love and that transience of this mortal scene which, after all, was one of Shakespeare's perpetual thoughts. An interesting attempt is made to introduce the flat vocabulary of science. The future of poetry lies in conquering that domain, but success has not yet been won. A vigorous audacity in compound adjectives is notable, since this resource has been generally neglected by modern poetry; and, as in the work of other ironists, there is an extension of negative forms, such as "unsee," "unsight," and "unbe." "The Dynasts" is a stupendous drama, impressive in many ways, but one feels with Meredith that much of it might have gone as well in prose. The poetry as a whole, though the work of advanced years, shows an undiminished eagerness in observing the varied panorama of the world, and this note is struck in the last of the "Collected Poems":

> And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
> And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
> Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
> "He hears it not now, but used to notice such things"?

George Fox

Prophetes Hebraeus Redivivus

By H. F. B. Compston

ONE wintry day, towards the close of the year 1651, there walked through Lichfield a remarkable-looking man who uttered remarkable words. His age was twenty-seven; he was tall, powerfully built, with a fine, open face and extraordinarily piercing eyes; his hair was long and lanky; he wore a broad-brimmed hat; from neck to knee he was clad in leather; and he went barefoot. With step firm and deliberate he went through the city, which was crowded that market day, and every few minutes he halted to cry out, in loud and ringing tones, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" He then departed, washed his feet in a stream, put on his shoes and continued his journeying.

It was George Fox, the first Quaker. Why he felt impelled to utter this woe he himself could not guess at the time. Lichfield had seen some fighting in the recent Civil War, but so had scores of other places. Later he conjectured that it was because there had been in the third century a massacre of British Christians there. The curse was vastly retrospective. Nothing sinister happened to Lichfield. The three pinnacles of its great "Steeple-house" (Fox's depreciatory name for any church) still point heavenward. The city has not yet gone red; if it did, we should not connect such an event with Fox's denunciation.

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If any Friend happens to read this, he may think it a bad beginning, since the incident is hardly typical of his prophet. The criticism is not unreasonable. Fox had just emerged from twelve months' imprisonment, following close upon a previous incarceration of eight months; and in between he had been roughly man-handled in a mob: his sufferings might have affected his mental poise. Macaulay's gibe comes to mind: Fox was "too much disordered for liberty and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam." The gibe is unjust. Why, then, begin with this rather ridiculous incident? The sub-title of this article suggests the reason. The walking barefoot

reminds us of one prophet,* the denunciation recalls another.†

Such details are trivial enough, but Fox's life story suggests some points of contact with the Hebrew prophets and the lines on which an estimate may be essayed.‡

Like the prophets Fox lived in stirring and eventful times. He was born four years after the Pilgrim Fathers sailed in the *Mayflower*; he died in the year after the deprivation of the non-jurors and in the first year of Tillotson's primacy—that is, 1624–1691 (O.S. 1690): James I to William and Mary. Thus the sixty-seven years of his life come within the period which saw the Civil War, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, the Revolution. These events are not reflected with any directness or frequency in his *Journal*.§ Fox was unlike the prophets to whom politics and religion seemed inextricably blended together. Yet how closely are they blended in that seventeenth century! To the churchman it is a not unwelcome thought that most of Fox's initial work was accomplished, in spite of persecution, under the Commonwealth. The Church of England had been disestablished and its clergy driven from their altars. It was a crime to quote the Common Prayer. The "priests" so frequently censured by Fox were, up to 1660, not the old priests, but the new presbyters—Presbyterian mainly, but some of them Independent or Baptist—who had ousted them. The Church is guiltless of the severe and often shameful treatment inflicted upon Fox and his followers in the first beginnings of Quakerism. It is true that cruelties and disabilities continued after the Restoration. The two Conventicle Acts, the Five Mile Act, the Test Act bore very hardly on them. Charles II had promised liberty of conscience. That promise was broken.

* *Isa.* xx, 2 *f.* "Without either robe or shoe" (Moffatt's version). Some eccentric followers of Fox occasionally discarded all garments when "prophesying."

† *Nahum* iii, 1. (Denunciation of Nineveh.)

‡ The lengthy "Journal of George Fox" may be studied in the Bicentenary edition (re-issued in 1901), or—more conveniently and agreeably—in the arrangement of it by Rufus M. Jones as an *Autobiography* (well illustrated: notes), 1904. The best biography probably is that by Thomas Hodgkin, 1896. There is a good account of Fox by Alex. Gordon in *D.N.B.* The chapter on Fox in Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," III, i, is well known. "The Quakers in Wales," by T. Mardy Rees, 1925, though rather wanting in arrangement, is full of interest.

§ In the writings of his great contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne, they appear not at all.

It would, indeed, have been difficult to adhere to the Declaration of Breda in face of a Parliament that was definitely coercive and even vindictive. But by that time Quakerism had got a firm hold; and Fox lived to see the Society of Friends enjoying a large measure of toleration. At his eventide there was light.

Fox early experienced the prophetic conviction of Divine calling and guidance. He grew up in a godly Puritan home at Fenny Drayton in Leicestershire; son of a weaver and of a mother who, he remarks, was "of the seed of the martyrs." He was apprenticed to a shoemaker who dealt also in wool, and Fox did much for his employer, apparently beyond the indentures of apprenticeship, furthering his interests effectively. His biographers cannot account for Fox's early independence. Before he obtained shares in shipping ventures, and long before Penn gave him some land in Pennsylvania (what thousands of dollars that must be worth today!), he was able to travel about on horseback and to relieve, to some modest extent, the wants of the poor. This little problem is worth studying by some Friend interested in the economics of that time. But, after all, the mystery is not too baffling. Given extreme frugality in food and drink, readiness to put up with the lowliest of lodgings or with none, and a suit of clothes which would take a lot of wearing out and could be repaired in expert fashion by the wearer himself, Fox's carefully saved earnings (commissions on large sales of wool included, and he tells us that much money passed through his hands) would give him funds adequate for a good while. Had he devoted himself to a business career, he would in all probability have become wealthy, for, like so many of his followers then and now, he was pertinacious, shrewd, and thrifty. Before he was twenty, however, he had done with any such ambition. Obeying what he believed to be a Divine call, he went a wandering—in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Shropshire—shunning all society, and pondering deeply on the things of the Spirit. A short visit to a relative in London was followed by his return to Fenny Drayton, where he stayed for some time. He had many talks with neighbouring ministers,* who found him odd and tiresome. With his religious questionings and disputations they had little patience. One

* Carlyle blunders in putting them into surplices.

of them counselled him to indulge in dancing—and psalm-singing; for the first he had no liking, for the second no aptitude.

Gradually he worked out his theology for himself, looking for, and believing that he received, direct revelation from above. By the time he was twenty-three he had become an itinerant preacher and was winning adherents. Of his message he was as certain as were the prophets when they cried, "Thus saith the Lord." Indeed, he outdid some of them in his certitudes. He could never have lamented "Thou hast deceived me and I was deceived,"* nor have had misgivings as to how the Lord was managing the course of events.† One of the least agreeable characteristics of Fox was his belief that he was invariably right and that everyone who disagreed with him must be in the wrong—and that very culpably. His repellent narrowness is to be accounted for partly by his lack of education and by the very intolerant spirit of the age in which he lived. Happily the doctrine he preached was far from narrow in its real implications and tendencies, and perhaps his work was more immediately effective because of the worker's certitude and self-confidence, based upon convictions deep as any that ever swayed the soul of a Hebrew prophet.

Several of the prophets made distinctive, new, and notable contributions to theology. To associate Fox with them in their creative thought would be a mistake, for his ideas were not new to the world, though new to himself. Quaker origins may be traced back immediately, in some points, to Kaspar Schwenkfeld, who died sixty-three years before Fox was born; more remotely to the Beghards and Brethren of the Free Spirit in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (the links here being theological happily, not ethical); more remotely still to Origen in the third century. Yet Fox can have known little, and probably nothing at all, of these; and his theology was shaped and completed before the Quakers found a favourite author in Jakob Boehme, who died the year Fox was born. In any case it is futile to talk of plagiarism. This unlettered ex-apprentice to leather and wool found things out by himself—like his contemporary Pascal, who hit upon some leading principles in Geometry

* *Jer.* xx, 7. † *Hab.* i, etc.

before he had read a page of Euclid. The man in leather breeches is entitled to rank among leaders in religion.

His chief doctrine was that of the Inward Light.

> *That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.* (S. John i. 9.)

Something of the Christ in every man! Let men receive the Light and walk in the path it revealed. Emphasis on this profound idea was bound to modify the Calvinistic theology in which he had been nurtured. And much followed from it. The history of Christian thought presents to the view various concentric circles with a good many tangents. Fox's tangent pursued a line of hostility or indifference to several beliefs and practices which the greater part of Christendom cannot regard as tangents, but keeps within the circle—ordained clergy, set forms of worship, and pre-eminently the sacraments. Needless to him were human ministries and channels of grace. Christian mysticism has various expressions and exclusions, and in Quaker mysticism the latter outnumber the former.

Of special interest is the bearing of the Inner Light doctrine upon the use of Scripture. Bibliolatry in Fox's day was the natural consequence of superseding an infallible Pontiff by an infallible written revelation. He was a great Bible reader and had inherited the Puritan dependence upon its literal teaching. There are hundreds of Biblical quotations in his *Journal*. But Fox saw that disproportionate weight was attached to the letter and not enough to the spirit of the Book. He was sometimes accused of disparaging the Scriptures, and this charge—though vague and unsupported by evidence—was at least indicative of a recognition that Fox took a new point of view and applied a higher standard than bare literalism. His followers today therefore do not boggle at modern Biblical scholarship. The Inward Light functions through the reason and does not preclude that outer light in which the Bible is examined, analysed, and interpreted like any other ancient literature or any modern science.*

* Samuel Prideaux Tregelles was born and bred a Quaker. Mr. Mardy Rees gives a pleasant story of this scholar's rencontre with Cardinal Mezzofanti at the Vatican Library: the master of many tongues, having found that Tregelles hailed from Wales, astonished him with a cheery "Boreu da i chwy" (Good morning to you!). Present-day scholarship has a distinguished Quaker representative in Dr. Rendel Harris.

Another implication of Fox's chief doctrine has close bearing on a certain type of Modernism—the Jesus of history ("What history?" the modernist might ask), fading before the Christ of experience. Some of Fox's disciples went beyond Pauline mysticism here and were inclined to treat the human life of our Lord as almost negligible.

Adherence to Fox's principles has proved to be not incompatible with devotion to politics or to literature and art.* In some points Quakers have adjusted hereditary ideas. They think it no disloyalty to remove the hat in public assemblies and to wear ordinary garb. The Quakeress has passed on her bonnet to the hallelujah lass. The disuse of "thee" and "thou" would have been distasteful to Fox, and I, for one, regret it. It is curious that the French, who retain the *tutoyer* mode of speech in the home, use the plural in prayer to God; to us the latter mode would seem irreverent, the former odd.

As for the early extravagances of some followers of Fox, they represent a transient phase which has never recurred. The blasphemous antics of the wretched James Nayler (who suffered brutal punishment for them) and other eccentric proceedings taught Fox wisdom. Any crank-brained devotee might claim the guidance of the Inward Light. Fox saw that order and organization were essential for the usefulness of his new society. In this he was helped by his more intellectual followers. It is well to remember these men, especially after reading an unfavourable account of Fox such as that in Mosheim. The "Ecclesiastical History" came out only thirty-five years after Fox's death and was edited in English (1764) by a still less sympathetic writer, Archibald Maclaine. Fox's personal friends and co-workers included William Penn (courtier, friend of James II, and founder of Pennsylvania), Thomas Ellwood (Milton's friend), Robert Barclay (of the well-known banking family and a most able apologist of the Friends), Isaac Pennington, and others of strong mental as well as moral calibre. Together they formed a constitution which substantially remains in force today. The absolute equality of women with men

* Familiar instances are John Bright and Whittier. Hymnology was enriched by Anna Letitia Waring. Percy Bigland's death at Jordans last year was a loss to the Friends and to Art.

in the society, no longer strange in any department of life now, was quite a new departure in the seventeenth century, and here Fox was undoubtedly a pioneer.

The prophets, applying theology to ethics, were preachers of practical morality. So was Fox. It was his exhorting people to quake and tremble for their sins that led to the nickname of "Quaker," first used (by a county magistrate) as early as 1650, when Fox was only twenty-six. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, and attacked vigorously whatever he found to criticize. His narrowness again is unpleasing. To denounce a game of bowls as sinful was one of his absurdities. The standard of English life was higher than would be supposed, if the *Journal* were the only surviving religious document of the period. Whether we look at Anglicans, Presbyterians, or sectaries, we meet with honoured names—Laud, Jeremy Taylor, Pearson, Ken, Milton, Baxter, Bunyan. The works of such men stand out not only in the literature of their period for their own merits of learning, piety, poetry, imagination, but for the light they cast on the religious standards of the time. But there was then, as there ever is, abundant scope for a prophet of righteousness. And the humanitarian and philanthropic spirit, so conspicuous in Quaker history, is a direct legacy from their founder. Fox took thought for the poor and oppressed in the days when he was one of them. "Friends": it is an appellation beautiful and true. The Quakers' own name for themselves was at first "Children of Light." Then "Friends"—whether in contradistinction to the numerous enemies who assailed or derided them, or in allusion to their love of the truth. But Quaker history would justify another exegesis not claimed by them. They have distinguished themselves as Friends of Humanity.

In his pacifism, Fox was before his time. So perhaps are his followers today. But time is on their side. We have lived to see disarmament seriously envisaged and hoped for by great nations. If and when war is abolished, the name of George Fox should be honoured as the apostle and prophet who hailed from afar the time when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."*

In this connection I venture upon a brief and not

* *Isa.* ii, 4. *Mic.* iv, 3.

irrelevant excursus. We can abhor war and yet admire much that war calls forth, much that precedes war and presupposes it, much that accompanies it and suffuses it with radiance, much that in this or that war may crown it with glory. What of the order, the discipline, the vast concerted efforts, the *esprit de corps*, the enthusiasm, the nobility and self-sacrifice? Is not the best type of sailor, soldier and airman—and happily the best is not rare—a real asset to the nation or empire and to the race that bred him? Must the abolition of war entail the abolition of the Services save in some very attenuated form of international policing? Is there no channel to divert good things from uses which we hope will some day be obsolete? There is: and the shade of George Fox could smile approval on it.

Let the older readers of this article reflect for a moment on the maps of their school days in contrast to maps recently issued and constantly being added to. More and more is being discovered about the earth's surface. Usually the additions to knowledge are the gift of small expeditions or even of single, intrepid adventurers on foot, on shipboard, motor-car, aircraft. We are knowing more and more about regions wholly or almost uninhabitable—vast deserts, dense jungles, arctic and sub-arctic continents and islands. The total area of such tracts of land must be stupendously vast. Is there not here a call and an opportunity? Cannot these regions be made the scene of human homes and activities? Yes, if nations combined to make war upon the obstacles that Nature presents to those who would replenish the earth and subdue it. The achievements of the engineers, of the doctors who fight tropical diseases, of the administrators who govern native races, of the missionaries who do so much to uplift those races—all these achievements presenting a truly impressive array—show what could be done on a big scale. Turn to the Amazon countries, to central Australia, to the Sahara, to the lands of ice and snow. Think of jungles bared to sunshine and air, waterways through the silent deserts, and even of warmth artificially created and maintained in the dreariest places of the frigid zones. The League of Nations could point the way. There would be experts to explore the scientific problems and the problems of annexation and control. There would be more than enough to call for the best

that the world's armies, navies and air-forces could provide. The perils would often fully equal those of a great war—perils of pioneering where the white races have never yet penetrated and where the physical obstacles are serious. What the task demands is not a single expedition, but a multitude of expeditions marching as to war.

When 1914 plunged us into war, the Friends were true to their principles. Their manifesto was well conceived, well worded, and it was well received. We could bear them no malice, and we thought how many a Quaker must have found his pacifism in conflict with his patriotism. All honour to those who served as non-combatant stretcher-bearers and the like. And here surely is an enterprise which the Friends could join in heartily. It would be war—war lasting perhaps for generations—but it would be war that would all the time be enriching the world and not impoverishing it, for its aim would be that of providing new homelands for mankind.

Once more, George Fox, like many a prophet of old, knew what it meant to spend and be spent in a good cause, and to suffer bravely for conscience' sake. He met with hard, sometimes violent treatment. He was "in prisons oft"—at Nottingham, Derby, Carlisle, Launceston, Leicester (twice), Scarborough, Worcester. The various terms of imprisonment, between the earliest and latest sentences (1649 to 1674), amounted to some six years. These undoubtedly undermined his fine constitution. Today imprisonment in England is humane. The seventeenth-century prisons were bad at their best, and some were horrible in the extreme. To read Fox's own description of his dungeon at Launceston is nauseating. And although we cannot but regret that Fox brought himself often deliberately into conflict with the laws of the land by interrupting a church service, refusing the oath, and so on, yet it is obvious that the punishment exceeded the offence outrageously. To Cromwell belongs the credit for releasing Fox from gaol in 1654 and for perceiving, from his inquiries and from more than one talk with Fox himself, that the Quakers were in no sense a menace to the State. Unfortunately some of the provincial governors and magistrates lacked the equity and discrimination shown by the Protector.

Fox's personal courage was wonderful; fear he did not know. His followers he inspired with like courage. Did they find their conventicle barred against them? They held their meeting outside. Was it demolished? They assembled in its ruins. Were all the adult Quakers in a town marched off to prison? The young folk carried on with the meeting.

Fox's journeyings on his prophetic mission were wellnigh non-stop, even when his rather romantic marriage (when he was forty-six) with Margaret Fell, the widow Lady of Swarthmore Hall, might have justified him in taking more ease. The map of his travels provides an interesting study. The itinerary includes well over a thousand places in England and Wales, the Continent, the West Indies, America. He had the missionary spirit.

His output of printed matter—pamphlets, etc.—was enormous. He saw the power of the Press, and the early Friends were the most prolific of pamphleteers in an age of pamphleteering.

Fox's strenuous and saintly life closed peacefully after a very brief illness at a Friend's house in White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street, on Tuesday, January 13, 1691. Four thousand people attended his funeral at the Quakers' burying ground near Bunhill Fields.

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We need not wish to proselytize the Quakers. Although we must judge them to be erroneous in cutting adrift from much in Christian faith, order, practice, that has undoubted sanction and a value abundantly proved by experience, yet the ideas for which Fox stood are prophetic "value-judgments" worth preserving. And we have the means of cherishing them within the full-orbed Christianity we have inherited. There are some 20,000 Friends in this country today. That their numbers will increase here, or even in America, seems unlikely. But they represent an element of real value in the religious life of Christendom, and the most convinced Churchman can surely join with them in a thankful recognition of the eminent piety, the spiritual thought, and the untiring labours of their prophet George Fox.

Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine, et LUX perpetua luceat ei.

Termination 2

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

For two years now they had bought a lottery ticket between them, every week. And because after a fashion they loved, but never really trusted, each other (in the manner of animals) they gave their ticket always, in a white envelope, to Don José their patron, to take care of until the lottery was drawn. Don José was so rich that he could be trusted. Even if their ticket drew the "Grande," the big prize of a million pesos, Don José would not be much interested—for had he not already as many pounds sterling to his credit? Indubitably no man lived as he did without fantastically large wealth.

The three of them had come out from Spain together—Antonio, Juan, and their sister Isabella. The men were hard-working, unimaginative fellows from an ignorant village in the province of Galicia. Clods they had looked as they had gone on board the cargo steamer at Vigo, bound for South America, where they knew vaguely that their labour received higher wages, where there would be more to eat, more time to sleep. But Isabella was a little different. Tall and not unstately, she had the shrill voice and pestering urging nature of the Spanish peasant woman whose life's vocation is to make her men work hard enough to keep her.

They had received work almost at once on the *Estancia* of Don José, twenty miles out of Buenos Aires. Isabella was a skilful cook, and worked indoors, Antonio and Juan helped with the cattle. Each had his own wages, and managed them, sharing the expenses of their three-roomed shack. It was, as they anticipated, an easier, more plentiful life than at home, but they never really liked the country.

"Out here," said Antonio, "the people are not easy-going, and they don't talk with one as at home. I shall return one day to Maregón."

"In this country," Juan would agree, "one sees no hills, and I don't like the wine. I, too, shall return."

"Idiots!" Isabella cried. "How do you suppose you'll return? Save enough money to retire, eh? If you live to be two hundred years old, perhaps!"

But each had this idea in his mind—the only idea. Maregón, their birthplace, grew grossly idealized, until it had become to each of them a sort of paradise where they would live surrounded by vines, pigs, fruit, the love of their neighbours, long pondering conversation, and daily Mass. Between them grew common the phrase: "When I have returned to Maregón." It was a soothing thought when the work had been too heavy, or circumstances were in some way amiss.

It had been Isabella's idea that they should buy a lottery ticket every week. To their blunt minds the chances against them never seemed too large; they felt that if they bought regularly, they must one day win the big prize. So that every Tuesday one of them would go down to the *almacén*, the little local store that stocked everything, and buy a ticket with numbers of whatever termination they fancied. Then they would put it in an envelope and hand it over to Don José to keep until the lottery was drawn. The *estanciero* smiled at this, but he knew his people, and understood. He was something of an eccentric, living — for all the millions of which his workers spoke in such awe—very whole-heartedly among them, himself attending to his ranch, himself paying their wages. And as he handed one of them the envelope back on a Friday he would ask with a smile if they had had any luck. And always, whichever of the three came for the ticket, he would get the same reply: "No, señor, not this week. But next week, perhaps!" Of course, there were consolation prizes. Sometimes they won ten pesos, sometimes their money back. So two years went by.

Then one day at dinner Antonio announced that he had had a dream. It was in the week before the Christmas lottery, the greatest of the year, and drawn always for a million pesos (about £83,000), so that when Antonio said that his dream related, he was certain, to the lottery, there was no small excitement.

"The termination 2!" he said. "I dreamed of a lottery ticket with the termination 2! It was a prophecy!"

And they all rejoiced, talking of Maregón. On Tuesday Antonio himself went down to the *almacén* for their ticket, taking care to secure a number that ended with a 2. But in the intervening days there was much work to do, and they were so accustomed to buying tickets unsuccessfully that they did not dwell much more than usual on the possibilities.

On the Friday morning Isabella looked at the paper and found that they held the winning ticket. Her brothers had gone out to work, and she was alone in their tiny yellow house with an overwhelming flood of emotions. At first she felt frankly incredulous. Not until she had got out the paper and, with the slip on which she had written the number of their ticket in her hand, slowly ticked each figure, would she believe that the thing had at last happened. And when it was certain, she felt a choking joy, believing that every desire she had ever known was to be gratified. She felt as though this ticket in itself admitted her to a blessed state beyond all imagination happy, where nothing would ever be denied. And incongruously slipped into her mind little vistas of things she had wanted, now to be hers—an enormous gramophone, filmy red dresses, a gargantuan bottle of scent. Isabella was not imaginative.

But behind it all was the thought of Maregón. In a trice it became the background of her immeasurably happy future life. She would return to Maregón at once.

Then a doubt came to her . . . was this, after all, so much? She was quite uneducated and could calculate very little. When a million pesos were divided between three people there would still be a vast sum each, but would it be sufficient to buy all things for ever among the sunny blisses of Maregón? Would it not run out before half the joys were tasted? Her full red lips grew suddenly narrow and pale as she set her mind on this possibility. The money was there—waiting to be claimed. But would it be enough?

She did not wait to settle the doubt in her mind. She rose, slipped on a hat and coat, and set out for the

quinta of Don José. She knew now what to do. She could get the ticket, claim the money, and be on a home-going steamer before nightfall. Her brothers would know nothing until they came home at midday—and trains ran only once an hour to the city. She had a long start, and there was no danger. Even if they overtook her before she reached the Lottery Office at which they would hand her the money, she could explain that she was getting it for all of them. And with the whole million she would never lack anything again.

Her thoughts could carry her no farther than herself. She was not consciously cruel, she was simply incapable of thinking of her brothers and the effect of their loss on them. She was dazzled by this immense future.

"Don José!" she said, controlling herself as best she could, "may I please have our ticket?"

The *estanciero* absently crossed the room, and taking the white envelope from the bureau in which he always kept it, said, as usual, "Any luck?"

With physical effort Isabella replied, "No, señor, not this week. Next week, perhaps!" She smiled respectfully, thanked him for looking after it, as she always did, and in twenty minutes' time was on the train for Buenos Aires. Not until she had reached the Lottery Office did she open her bag to feast her eyes on the ticket. As she tore it from the envelope and read the numbers she felt suddenly weak. For they were cold, strange numbers—nothing like the dear, memorized set that ended with a 2! They were quite different, ugly numbers. And looking closely at the ticket she saw it was from the week before last—a valueless piece of uninteresting blue paper.

It did not take Isabella long to make up her mind as to how she had been deceived.

"That devil of an Antonio!" she said. "I knew it. He had a dream. Oh, yes, he dreamed the termination 2. He was certain. He was certain enough to keep the ticket and put an old one in its place. And presently he will come to secure the spoils of his deceit. But he will have a surprise. He will find Isabella awaiting him. He won't get off so easily. He thinks to cheat me of the money to which I have a right. The *sinverguenza*, the criminal! But he won't escape like that. I shall wait.

I'll await him here. Isabella is not to be cheated of the money for which she has waited and paid!" And almost in tears with anxiety and anger she went into a little café opposite the Lottery Office, and prepared to await her brother.

An hour went by, and Isabella began to watch the street more closely, for another train would be in by now, and soon Antonio would appear in all his guilt. But to her astonishment it was Juan, the second brother, who presently lurched up the road.

"Oh," said Isabella to herself, blind with tears of mortification, "so they are hand in glove! They have leagued themselves to trick their poor sister of her winnings. Devils! Inhuman creatures!"

But a few minutes later Juan emerged, very palpably distressed. He was perspiring and his face was drawn; he walked unsteadily down the steps of the building. Isabella's first impulse was to run up to him, and inquire vehemently of him all that he knew. But she saw that this would place her in a false position, too. She followed him with her eyes as he crossed the street, and entered another café in the same block.

"So Antonio has tricked him in some way, too. Or has he seen me, and is he pretending to be dismayed? At all events I can wait here as long as he waits there, and perhaps both of us will await Antonio! Oh, wickedness and cruelty!"

By now she was almost hysterical. The enormous prize which had been held before her eyes, and now seemed hard to clutch, had nearly turned her brain. Again and again she repeated to herself broken phrases: "One million pesos!" "Maregón!" And "Devils and thieves!"

When at last, after another hour of waiting, during which her attention had been divided between the tremendous possibilities of the prize, the café into which Juan had gone, and the street along which Antonio would pass, she saw her elder brother appear, she could hardly contain her agony. She paid for the coffee she had drunk and stood up, ready to cross the road. And when at last Antonio emerged, she swooped down on him with vicious swiftness. But not before Juan.

Brother faced brother and sister, and all three faces were blank. Each held in the right hand the blue slip of an out-of-date lottery ticket.

"Tricked!" said Antonio.

"*Dios Mio!* Tricked!" repeated Juan.

"*Sagrado Enfierno!* Tricked!" said Isabella.

In that moment all three turned. A familiar figure had run down the steps of the building opposite, leapt into a car, and driven away. With one accord their eyes met again, and their lips moved in a half-demented murmur of "Don José!"

For a long time the two brothers and their sister sat in the café opposite the Lottery Office, discussing the tragedy broken-heartedly. Juan said that one of the foremen had told him a few days before that he believed Don José's affairs were in queer street, that the "millionaire" was financially in a bad way. And when the other two had got tired of abusing him for not telling them, and so saving their future, Antonio suggested informing the police. But they all voted that absurd, since they had no proof, and besides Don José would be long since aboard a boat. Then Isabella raised her fingers, and said in her shrill ringing tones: "My brothers, it is a judgment on us for distrusting each other. We, devoted brothers and sisters, placed our affairs in the hands of an outsider, and thus we are punished. We should have known that none of us was capable of deceiving his own dear kindred!"

In the manner of her race Isabella meant, at the moment, all she said. Forgotten was her own subterfuge, forgotten the attempts of her brothers. All was carven now into one glowering hatred of the outsider who had deceived them; who had robbed them, as she felt, of the satisfaction of all their earthly desires; who had snatched the village of Maregón away from them like a cup. And never, in all the conversations about that bitter affair, conversations which lasted them to the end of three long, uneventful, dissatisfied and overworked lives, was it mentioned between them that the trick he had played had been made possible by his confident foreseeing of the individual dishonesty of every one of them.

Stone upon Stone

By J. M. N. Jeffries

I CAME into Montenegro from Albania, leaving that country by the lake which stretches north-west from Scutari town to where its placid and solitary waters divide into fingers penetrating the mountain recesses. Perhaps they are not always so placid, but solitary they certainly were that Sunday morning. A rower or two near the Scutari shore, some country people in embroidered garments trudging along the sullen slopes of Mount Tarabosh to hear Mass in the faithful Albanian town—little else to see for most of the day. It was something of a fitting journey to make, indeed, upon the lonely lake into the lost principality.

For all that is lost which was one of the curiosities and adventures of the Old World—glamorous Montenegro, the tiny hidden State, the one-street capital in the peaks, the pocket-palace where astute old King Nicholas played out his part, a gipsy Jupiter in a peasant Olympus. Montenegro is absorbed into Jugoslavia; the vibrant young country has taken over the goodwill of the old establishment, whose name only lingers departmentally.

The small boat which paddles up the lake looks like an enlarged white tennis-shoe, as it floats at its moorings by the rickety Scutari bridge, just below where every week a crowd of bargainers, half like tulips and half like rag-bags in their mixed beauty and squalor, presses back and forth, fingering fabrics and leather and appraising hens, and sometimes almost jostling the gallows where the bodies of men hanged that market-morn still swing.

But we have soon done with Albania. About an hour up the lake and a rowing-boat puts off from the shelter of a rock, bearing armed men in brown and dark green, Jugoslav Customs-guards, who clamber on board and search the faces of the few travellers for forbidden features far more carefully than they search their luggage for contraband goods. So the frontier is passed, and

presently we go ahead again, churning past successive rocky heights, pathless and beautiful in the sunshine. Our journey is slow and untroubled and calm; the five or six passengers stretch themselves on benches and sleep; the same hills go past, showing the same wild odorous bushes on their sides; the same water stretches around; the same sun pours from above; we move in the rhythm of what was, and is, and ever will be.

As it wears to afternoon, the lake narrows, and first we stop at a hut station amid marshes, and then swing over to the eastern side, to a village backed by escarpment upon escarpment, with a little pier above which, out of the very foreshore almost, spring castellated crags. We are at Novi Bazar (or Vir Bazar, as they call it now), which gave its name to a *sanjak* once, occupied much space in the world's Press, was an issue as falsely hot as a roasted chestnut, and after conferences in distant capitals was finally "solutionized"—for I will not say settled—in some characteristic way which left it Turkish and un-Turkish at once. Or so at least I seem to have read. That day there were about a dozen patient women selling dried fruit at Vir Bazar, and about as many loungers, and another small steamboat like ours, and a triangle of houses, and a Ford car looking every bit its origin and its age, and the wondrous background, which, I suppose, was the *sanjak*. About what things the world quarrels!

An hour at Vir Bazar for talk, for strolling, for photographing the virile bazaar-keepers; then our chief, and only, engineer smoked his last cigarette, stepped over the side into his engine-room, where his engines came about up to his waist, and we moved forth, steering down a channel of trees whose tops alone showed above water. This combination of gardening and pilotage was an alarming novelty, but we got out just as well as if the branches had been orthodox buoys, and turning now past a ghostly old Turkish fortress upon an island, started to thread between the mountains. In a sense they were fjords which we followed; but fjords rather convey the ideal of long, straight vales of water, whereas our small craft had to turn round the feet of the mountains and steam through crooked alleys and liquid hairpin-bends

so that in the heart of those ancient heights we seemed to be voyaging less upon the wave than upon some unfelt and soundless road.

But in the end our little boat lapsed like a lazy seabird or a tired duck (if there be any such) to the rim of the last inlet, and we stood ashore at Rjeka, or, rather, at a point near Rjeka, where, of course, the vehicle which had been guaranteed me as transport to Cetinje was missing. If I understood properly the Montenegrin school of gesture and explanation as exhibited by some bystanders, the driver had heard of a less guaranteed and therefore, of course, a more profitable demand for transport in another direction, and had accepted the call. So we walked into Rjeka, the old water-port of Montenegro, where our passports were stamped in the otherwise untenanted and decaying house of King Nicholas. Here and elsewhere in the small scene upon which once he bulked so large, old King Nicholas's houses seem to be scarcely used or quite useless. He had more houses in a smaller area than almost anybody can ever have possesssed, I should think: this one at Rjeka, and the Cetinje palace, and another in a village in the crater between Cetinje and Cattaro heights, and one, I believe, at Danilograd, over the hills, but not so far away. It is as though you had a house in Hampstead and one in Chelsea and another in Mayfair, and went from one to the other in search of different air and scene. Rjeka would have been his greatest change, for there he was on the lower level and had the waters to observe. In our case Rjeka yielded a car at long last and we climbed up the mountain side by numberless bends, rising through all the dimensions of sight, from a first view such as a walker gets, to a final one in which lake and mountains swam far below us, in the plane of the clouds when they gather together and form the spaces of the sky. Thence we turned and passed by the lofty Lovchen and ran like a marble down stony ways, ending, almost one would say with a click, in the socket of Cetinje.

Cetinje is really a sort of rock-garden. Its houses and its plantations spring, as flowers do in a rock garden, from nooks and corners and from earth deposits where flat ledges of rock have permitted these to gather. It is

built upon stone and stands in a circle of stony hillside, which so encompasses it that you might say it lies in a kettle of stone, for which in the winter the hard, grim heavens provide a lid.

Once upon a time, if one recalls aright, King Nicholas used to sit under a tree on the outskirts of Cetinje to decide the disputes and administer the justice of Montenegro. It must have been a worthy sight, with much effulgence of braid and sashes and embroidered waistcoats, for in Montenegro even prosecutors were picturesque. But one wonders what he did with the convicted, who could not be set, as in most countries, to quarrying stone. No man can want any more stone in Montenegro, where the very court of justice must have been held in something of a quarry. Six months' gardening or a year's flower-growing would have been useful and excessively penitential sentences.

Cetinje is formed of a single street with a bay or two, very clean and tidy after Albania. The chief centre of the place now is the new hotel, a neat and commendable one with reasonable amenities. Beside it stands the former British Legation, which our Government is endeavouring to sell. Local gossip, I do not know with what truth, places the price at two million dinars, somewhere round eight thousand pounds. But who wishes to buy even the best villa in Cetinje for two million dinars today? The Jugoslav Government has constructed its own buildings and taken over such others as it needs: King Nicholas's palace itself stands silent and shuttered. So Cetinje cannot be termed a good letting centre. Indeed, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley could not be better advised than to go there, all three together, for their next holiday, to free themselves from the atmosphere of eligibility.

The old capital is now but a village in the wilderness, and not a little depressed, too, with its people finding it difficult to make ends meet. Many Cetinjians look back sadly upon the past and entertain vague hopes of its resurrection. They scarcely realize that they were a political luxury in those days, maintained by the Court and the legations of the principal European powers. Now they are on an everyday footing, with such help

as they can get from the numerous emigrants to the United States, who send back regular subsidies to their families. Tourist traffic beginning to spring up with the Adriatic through Cattaro and Ragusa also brings in a little money.

They may not be well off in Cetinje, but they seem reflective and great readers. Hardly a man or a boy I saw strolling in the afternoon or the evening but was reading as he went. Sometimes it was a newspaper, sometimes a book, but they walked along with their eyes fixed on its pages, and if two or three were walking together, one read to the others. The non-literary element—a solitary group—was engaged in the most primitive form of bowls. You take a piece of wood or any casual object for a jack, throw it anywhere on the rough stonecrop of the wayside, and then you take small rocks and hurl them as close as possible to the mark. The players threw high, and their small rocks or large stones fell with a thud in the dust.

I saw no sign in Cetinje of the intense military preparation with which that nearest outpost to troubled Albania might have been credited. On the barrack-square sturdy soldiers were playing with great delight a local form of hunt-the-slipper, illuminated with touches of run-the-gauntlet and kiss-in-the-ring, jumping and laughing at their play. The small manœuvring ground was given over to parade preparation. It was filled with men in disconnected groups of two or three, moving in every possible direction and practising innumerable independent goose-steps. Even a few entirely solitary hermits of the parade were engaged in prentice gosling-steps, with the utmost seriousness withal. Everybody, indeed, on that bewildering ground was pawing past everybody else. Squads contracting their knees and spitting their legs forward were apt to come suddenly upon other squads venomously kicking contrariwise. Alas! the cosmic collisions one irresistibly longed for never seemed to occur.

It was on my way out of Cetinje that I stopped to watch these innocent military diversions. Soon, though, I was to have something very different to watch, for the continuation of that road from Cetinje to the Adriatic

is one of the wonders of the world. We rose at first upon it by the same sort of spirals by which we had risen from Rjeka, till presently it overlooked one's former goal, Cetinje, which now in its turn lay below, like the contents of a pocket tossed into a pit. From point of vantage to point of vantage, spiral by spiral, we went on till we reached a great divide. There all thought of the backward view was lost at sight of that which stretched away, not into the depths alone, but to the limit of prospect. For from that divide I gazed out for uncounted miles upon nothing but mountains and valleys of stone. By these the stone basin of Cetinje was but a pebble.

No grass, no bushes, no tree nor plant nor house, nor sight of man or animal broke the measureless expanse, naught in any way retrieved the doomsday look of that desert heaved into the sky. Here and there in it, said my driver, there were some huts, and goats wandered about in the lure of provender. But as I stood and watched, nothing of that was to be seen. Grey and empty to the horizon, dry stone upon dead, it showed like a vision of the world's finish, of the shocking end of a materialist world. Broad day shone down, for the sun rode in a cloudless sky, but it was no more than an aloof display in the heavens, for there was no green, no soil, no tint upon the land to receive its rays and to cast them back in the glow and the rebound of hope which enlighten the human scene. As I looked, I seemed to be rapt to some far and fatal hour, to some terrible eve closing in round the unbeliever. Out of the earth itself the sap was sucked and the marrow was drawn, and upon it silence had fallen. Men, too, were failing with their failed world: hearing and touch and sight were numbed to the last hold on life, and the whole universe was waning into nothingness.

So felt I as I stared at that magnificent and monstrous sight; and then I turned from it and jumped into my car, and sped away towards Cattaro and the moving sea and time with a morrow.

Over-Population

By O. A. Merritt-Hawkes, M.Sc.

PREJUDICE and knowledge are always busy racing one another. Once in a while knowledge gets ahead; but usually prejudice is found making its way carelessly and self-satisfiedly, whilst knowledge struggles on, trying hard to catch up.

Man has, for innumerable centuries, looked upon the world as inexhaustible—a well that could never be emptied no matter how many buckets dipped into it, a banking account that could never be overdrawn no matter how many people had cheques—and now, although we have facts and figures to tell of the exact dimensions of the earth and the multitudinousness of its inhabitants, men shake their heads and only laugh when some scientist says that over-population is inevitable, for they consider such a statement pessimistic rather than true. We have thought of Nature as an abundant mother armed with a cornucopia filled with innumerable fruits. It is a pretty picture, even if only a few of us get the pineapples, and we do not wish to give it up.

Five thousand years ago the world was of unthinkably great dimensions and its few inhabitants were scattered far from one another, living to a large extent upon the natural animals of the forests and the abundant fish of the seas and rivers. Every ounce of meat we now eat is the result of considerable human labour, and every animal requires a large area of land to be devoted solely to producing its food; our early ancestors had merely to hunt, to choose from the innumerable animals that roamed the land. Almost within the memory of some living men, great herds of bison were found on the Western American prairies, and less than fifty years ago there were rivers in Florida which at certain seasons were so filled with fish that a boat could not go through the water. But such things have passed; man has to work hard to scratch a living from the western prairies; to feed upon wild animals is now a luxury only for the rich; hundreds of thousands of pounds are being spent each year in an effort to increase the world's fish supply; *but* the number of men has increased vastly and is continuing to increase.

A hundred years ago the world had become a known

quantity, big, but not alarmingly big, with human beings glorying in untouched mines, in uncultivated fields, and in their own capacity to obey the instructions to multiply and replenish the earth; but according to some observers they rather overdid it, and people of coming generations are likely to suffer from the reproductive enthusiasm of their ancestors. Today men of many nations are looking round to see where they may find work and food and homes. Reorganization can undoubtedly improve conditions for a time, but sooner or later there will be no solution unless man takes his fate into his own hands and deliberately and scientifically rearranges life for the happiness not only of his own but of many succeeding generations.

The world is definite and limited in size, and contains a definite and limited amount of available food supply for man, and yet many seem to think that man can increase to an unlimited extent. Man standing on a high mountain is filled with amazement at the size of the world and at his own smallness; but he looks down upon miles of unproductive rocks and snow, and can only live because he has brought up food from the crowded and productive valleys and plains.

About 2½ acres of land are needed to supply the wants of the average European labourer. It is difficult to realize what this means in actual land area. London in 1921 had 7,476,168 inhabitants. At the above estimate, the city would require to feed it 18,730,420 acres of land—that is, the whole of the counties of Middlesex, Kent, Sussex, Hertfordshire, Berkshire, Surrey, Hampshire, Dorset, Cornwall, Devonshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Somerset, Suffolk, Norfolk, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire and Lincolnshire; or about three-fifths of England. London would take all the produce of these counties, and their several millions of inhabitants would have nothing to eat and would have to starve or move on elsewhere. It would then be possible to motor hundreds of miles from London and not see even a village.

If man were to live upon pheasants, asparagus, strawberries and *fonds d'artichauts*, he would require a much larger acreage per person; but if he could be content with potatoes or rice, the acreage would be greatly reduced and the number of inhabitants in the

world increased. The wise man of the future will probably find some happy mean between these extremes.

There is no doubt that there is plenty of food today in the world for the present population and for some increase; but there is equally no doubt that, unless the rate of increase is materially reduced, a time of either starvation or brutal struggle will come. Once upon a time man accepted suffering from lack of food, or from fighting for food, as inevitable or even as a blessing, but today we are no longer content to see men live only to suffer. We demand happiness, and the beginning of happiness is sufficient food.

But man does not only eat; he must keep warm; and to enjoy the civilization of which we are justifiably proud, he also demands many other things, all of which must come from the limited supplies of the earth. Coal, at a conservative estimate, will all be used in three hundred years; and yet day by day it goes up in smoke, and from that smoke, we cannot, with our present knowledge, re-create new fuel. Where is the coal of yesterday? Partly spread out over the earth as fine dust or washed away as dirt down to the sea. We want paper. We manufacture it and then burn it; and yet in ten years one of the greatest sources of paper, the forests of Canada, will be used up. We live today, see what we want, take it, destroy it; but into the future we do not look.

We are also exhausting the soils of the world because we take out so much more than we put back. A newspaper was greatly cheered lately because some of the volcanic areas of New Zealand had been made to grow grass by the addition of artificial manures. But that was merely taking from one place and putting into another; it was not adding to the total value of the soil of the world; the artificials that went to New Zealand could *not* go to the laboriously over-cropped soils of Germany and France, which have become so deficient in phosphates and calcium that the food grown on them is said to have too small a quantity of these essential salts, and so the human being suffers in his turn.

Many people are alarmed at the decreasing birth-rate, and there is nothing in our recent life over which many newspapers waste more ink and tears. That is one of the simple obvious facts that can be grasped;

but the same people who open their papers and say "Dear, dear!" do not see that population goes up because of the combined effects of the greatly decreased death-rate and of an added duration of life. The world is not filled merely with those who are born, but with those who survive and especially with those who survive a long time. When in a family ten were born and eight died, there were two left; but when four are born and one dies, there are three left. If the two out of ten died at forty, they soon left a space for someone else; but when the three out of four live to sixty, they are demanding food and other necessities for twenty years longer. The modern family in which there is a small death-rate combined with a long life is far more satisfactory than the family of fifty years ago with its big death-rate, for it is happier and less wasteful.

There has been, and still is in many quarters, a sentimental attachment to mere numbers of human beings. A farmer only keeps such a quantity of cattle as he can provide with a suitable standard of living; but there is, so far, no super-farmer to control human population in relation to the standard of living. An average family of four children would keep some populations stable; but if the death-rate were still further reduced, even fewer children would be needed. The French population is in its present condition, not because the birth-rate is so low but because the death-rate is so high. If France had as low a death-rate as England, her population would be going up. To get the best results from life a certain density of population is needed in order that there may be that division of labour, over not too greatly separated areas, which is the very basis of our civilization and our culture; but to get an optimum condition the numbers must be such that benefits can be widely distributed.

One man says, "Look at Australia—vast spaces"; another says, "Look at Central Africa—vast spaces"; but, with our present knowledge, there is much of the world which we cannot use: we have not yet learnt how to control drought in Australia, heat in Africa, excessive soil salts in America and Asia, floods in China and the Mississippi. No one can foretell what knowledge will arise, but it seems unwise to allow our populations to increase beyond the food supply merely because we hope

to turn deserts into gardens. When new areas become available, it is easy enough to fill them. The capacity of the human race to multiply is astounding, as can be seen from the record of the last two hundred years, which include those two important events, the industrial revolution and the settling of America. In 1750 America had a few thousands of people, in 1860 she had 31,443,321; and her population today is 117,859,495. Europe sent 33 millions to the United States between 1820 and 1920, and yet she has herself increased in population during that period from 214 millions to 475 millions, that is, more than doubled. In spite of having sent out so many emigrants, her population has *not* gone down.

But apart from the actual limitation of agricultural areas, we have to deal with a world-wide tendency for men to gather into great cities and leave the country. This is a problem which must be faced sooner or later. There are cries of "Back to the land"; many people hear, but few take heed. Whether this tendency is due to degeneracy or not, it exists; and the problem which it creates must be solved, for men cannot live on the products of factories. Modern teaching on dietetics and hygiene seems to suggest that the manufactured synthetic pill of which we have all heard does not seem likely to take the place of wheat, meat, milk, oranges and lettuces. Man gains control over many things by using natural laws; but fundamentally he changes nothing, for he must submit to the laws of his being.

Why men go to cities no one seems to know; one suggests that wages in the country are too low, another that people want to go to pictures and dances. It is possible that the real explanation is that man's herd instinct has definitely increased, and that only in cities does he find satisfaction for a deep-seated biological need. Undoubtedly the mere passing of strangers along the road is a great contentment to many human beings who don't dance or go to the pictures or have big wages. Even the sound of a train or a tram brings a message of human companionship. It is conceivable that we may solve this agricultural problem, and alleviate the population question, by living in cities and going out into the country to work in the fields. That is the way in which some of Europe is run today. People live in small cities closely packed together—almost as closely

as sardines—and go out each morning to the fields and vineyards, returning each night to the comfort and human satisfaction of their narrow, crowded streets. Modern transport can make it easy to go out miles into the country; and thus we should have a mere reversal of our present policy of coming miles into the cities. There would have to be night work and overtime when cows were calving and hay had to be got in; but there is night work now, and overtime, when factories have "rush" demands.

Into the population question there enters the difficulty of the differential rate of racial reproduction. The population of France is practically stable, and it is believed that in a few years many western European countries, Germany, Holland, England, Norway, etc., will also be stable; but in the meantime people fear that the eastern European and Asiatic peoples will increase to an extent which we are apt to call alarming. The people of the Nordic races believe they are superior and view with fear the increase of the yellow races. Whether such fears are well grounded or not, we have not yet sufficient evidence to prove. Some scientists even believe that the white races are increasing in proportion more quickly than the yellow, but no one can deny that the whites are able to dominate the other races.

Probably there is room on the earth for races of many degrees of difference in superiority or inferiority, each having its own particular function; but it is very difficult to get anything but *ex-parte* evidence on the question of race values. Certainly each race is apt to say, "Thank God I am of my own race and of no other!" That is possibly a pleasant state of mind, but it is not necessarily correct. This fear of the so-called inferior races is probably quite groundless, for it has been found time after time that a few superior mortals, be they Nordics or Manchurians or Egyptians, can control the life and culture of many thousands of inferiors.

But even if we had just the right number of people we should not have reached the optimum condition unless the majority were adequate producers, either physically or intellectually, and capable of social, not anti-social, conduct.

Man has before him a great and difficult problem, but it can be solved with patience and knowledge.

Blossoming Gallows

By D. B. Haseler

STEPHEN the Red's great gallows-tree stood on some rising ground a bowshot from the walls of the village of Pytchford. It was a tree which bore much fruit, for Stephen was a cruel, vindictive man who was in the habit of hanging men without rhyme or reason on the slightest provocation; just for the pleasure of seeing them swing in the air, or so it appeared in the eyes of the humble villeins. His nickname was a just one (though he got it first from the colour of his hair), and there was a saying in that part of the country to the effect that the blood of men was the wine he liked best of all.

A wood which straggled along the brow of the hill behind the gibbet formed a gloomy enough background when the sky was dark with clouds, and this gloominess became almost alarmingly oppressive when the sun, which set behind the wood, sank to rest through a lowering cloud-bank touched with fire that seemed to threaten Pytchford with destruction.

Stephen the Red held his lands of King William Rufus. Domesday Book allowed him as many rights as most men could desire, and the few rights which it omitted to provide were supplied in a rough-and-ready fashion by the body of cut-throat rogues jostling one another behind him whenever he rode abroad.

The tale I have to tell is about a Saxon boy, Grimkytel by name, the son of a villein who worked hard at his patch of ground when he had not to be busy in Stephen's demesne, and about Audrey, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Pytchford smith; and there would be no tale at all if these two had not fallen in love with each other after the manner of young things all the world over.

Grimkytel was a tall, fair lad, with honest blue eyes that danced gloriously when he was happy about something, even though his mouth, which was small and

firm, betrayed no sign. He was different from the other youths in those parts, for he was more than ordinarily intelligent, and had received some schooling from Elfric the parish priest. He was much in the habit of singing to himself when he was alone, and the songs he sang came out of his own heart and head; and sometimes Elfric and he would laboriously transcribe his best verses into the margins of the one manuscript the old priest possessed, two-thirds of a tattered copy of *Boethe*.

Audrey was a head shorter than Grimkytel, slim as a boy, a child just ripening into womanhood. She, too, was fair, with an abundant mass of glorious golden hair that fell in two long ropes below her waist. She had a little turned-up nose that seemed to have forgotten which way it was going towards the end of its journey, but which somehow added to, rather than detracted from, her beauty. Her eyes were grey, open and frank as the dawn, and with them she had a habit of looking straight at people in a way that dragged the best out of them whether they would or not. Like Psyche, she was more divinely fair than the daughters of men have a right to be, and the old women of Pytchford said there was fairy blood in her somewhere.

These two, Grimkytel and Audrey, were loved by all with whom they had any dealings, though it might be thought that the beauty of the girl and the wit of the boy would have made them unpopular with their humbler neighbours. But no! Though they walked as gods among them, their natures were of so fine a texture that they were accepted at that valuation by all, and no hard words about them were ever spoken.

In all the district round Pytchford there were only three people who were not afraid of the wood that stretched along the brow of the hill between Red Stephen's gallows and the sunset. They were Red Stephen himself, Grimkytel, and Audrey.

Red Stephen went there because he feared neither man nor devil, and there was plenty of game to be found there. So he hunted in the wood and forced his followers to accompany him, which they did fearfully, trembling at shadows and crossing themselves vigorously whenever any untoward sound smote upon their ears.

Grimkytel went there because of the Anvil Stone, a large, half-buried boulder which stood in the depths of the wood under a great oak tree beside a bubbling spring. Men said that it had once been the anvil of the gods when they walked on earth among the children of men. Here Grimkytel, who had learnt the craft from Audrey's father, had a hammer and some other tools hidden away under the leaves and grass, with some odds and ends of iron, and here he fashioned things from time to time, a clasp for Audrey or a knife for himself, making a fire of wood and tempering the metal in the waters of the spring.

Audrey went there for the sake of the birds and the flowers. On hot summer days, when Grimkytel was busy in the fields, she would slip off her clothes and bathe in a little dark pool formed by the stream that flowed away from the spring; and as she sat on the bank to dry herself in the sun a cloud of little woodland birds would circle about her, almost touching her hair with their wings and sometimes alighting fearlessly on her limbs.

But the rest of the folk gave the wood as wide a berth as possible. It was too full of dark places for their simple natures. They spoke at times in whispers of the witches that housed there and that turned into the carrion crows seen pecking at the corpses that hung on Red Stephen's gibbet.

Her parents had kept Audrey out of Red Stephen's sight as far as lay in their power. This was the reason. Red Stephen's wife had lately died, and after three months or so he had gone over the hills with a large retinue to bargain for the hand of the Lady Mawdleyn, the daughter of the Earl of Cound. But neither the Earl nor the Lady Mawdleyn would listen to his advances. Some said that they had laughed at him openly for his pains, for he was an ill-favoured man, while the Lady Mawdleyn was by common consent the fairest maid for a hundred miles round. Thereupon Red Stephen had sworn a mighty oath, and had said in his cups that he would find a fairer maid among the daughters of his own villeins, and that he would marry her and cause men to think little of the beauty of the Lady Mawdleyn.

Then he had gone off on some wild expedition or other and had forgotten about the matter for the time.

It was while he was away that Audrey's parents obtained leave from his seneschal (a better man than his master) for the two young lovers to be married, and the wedding was hurried forward that the affair might be a thing of the past before Red Stephen returned.

Elfric the priest married them in the little wooden church on a stormy day in March. After he had blessed them he kissed them both on the cheek, and they walked hand in hand down the aisle through a crowd of singing neighbours. As they reached the church door, where the children were busy strewing the road with early primroses for them to walk on, the sun came out from behind a mass of clouds, and for a moment it almost seemed as if their love were going to be triumphant.

But they had not taken five paces before the clouds were at their old work again. The sun went in, and a few heavy drops of rain began to fall from the stormy sky.

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs and a jingle of harness, and round the corner of the street came Stephen and his men-at-arms, returned home unexpectedly. The villagers scattered to right and left to let him pass, but he reined in his horse on a sudden and sat there looking at Audrey, letting his eyes travel from her flower-crowned hair to the hem of her frock, appraising her as a man would appraise a heifer or a mare. He was evidently well pleased with what he saw. His hard features relaxed and his cruel mouth formed itself into a lascivious grin, horrible to behold.

"So," he said, "I have found a bride to my liking at last." Then, turning to Elfric: "Come you with the girl at sunset and you shall make us man and wife."

A half-groan went up from the people standing round, and the old priest went down on his knees and prayed Red Stephen to show mercy. But Stephen turned from the priest to gaze once more at Audrey. An unlooked-for thing happened. His eyes, that feared neither king nor devil, men said, fell before the reproachful look of a slip of a girl.

Then suddenly events began to move more swiftly. Stephen turned and was about to ride away when

Grimkytel drew a knife from his belt and sprang at him. As was to have been expected, a man-at-arms spurred forward and knocked him down before he had time to do any harm, and Stephen rode on with a mocking smile on his lips. Audrey had run forward to take her stand beside Grimkytel, but she was thrust roughly aside as he was jerked to his feet and hurried away by the men-at-arms.

Stephen the Red was a quick worker when his blood was hot with anger, and Grimkytel swung at the end of a chain from the great gibbet before an hour had passed. Two common thieves kept him company there, men that had been lying in the castle keep in the certain knowledge that Stephen's return meant instant death. All three were dead men within ten minutes of the hangman's getting to work.

Only Elfric saw it done. He had not been allowed to shrive Grimkytel before his death, but he had stood a little way from the gibbet and lifted his hand in blessing as the chain was put about his neck. Then he knelt down and prayed for the souls of the dead.

It was then about ten in the morning.

After one violent storm of weeping Audrey grew calm again, and her face took on an almost unearthly beauty. She knew that when sunset came Red Stephen would send for her, and she knew also that she would have to go, that she might save the village from the vengeance he would exact if she were not to be found. But till the sun sank behind the hill she was free to do what she liked. She went into the wood behind the gibbet (not going past the gibbet, but up the other side of the hill), and there she sat by the Anvil Stone, fondling the tools which Grimkytel had used in the smithy of the gods.

She picked up the hammer and turned it about in her hands, then held it to her lips, covering it with the kisses she could no longer give Grimkytel.

"Hammer," she said, "he will never use you again. He made this pretty bracelet with you, but he cannot make me anything now; never, never again, hammer; not once more."

But somewhere in the wood a gentle echo, repeating the words "once more," seemed to imply mysteriously

that there yet remained one thing to be done by Grimkytel and his hammer.

After a while Elfric plucked up courage to move forwards and kneel down at the foot of the gibbet. The chains creaked as the March wind swung the bodies to and fro. Elfric threw some stones at the crows that had already begun to settle above the corpses.

On a sudden he heard a voice, Grimkytel's voice, coming faint and hollow from the gibbet above his head. He crossed himself and shook with fear as he knelt there.

"Let me down, brothers," said the voice. "I have work to do now."

Then Elfric saw a strange thing happen. He saw those two thieves come to life, and stand on air and turn inwards towards Grimkytel. Their arms moved and grew strong again, and stretching forth their hands they lifted up Grimkytel's body and took the chain from off his neck and lowered him to the ground.

Grimkytel came forward to where the old priest knelt. He walked as a man walks who is fast asleep, and his eyes were like a blind man's eyes. The smell of the earth, too, was all about him.

"My son," said Elfric in a whisper, "hast thou in very truth come back to life again, or do I see a dream?"

"Half man, half dream; half dead, half living, good father," replied Grimkytel.

"Is there aught I can do for thee, my son? We have done many things together, thou and I."

"I have work to do ere night, and for this I came down from the gallows; but thou canst not help me now, father."

"Then let me but come with thee to guide thy steps, who walkest like a man that is in a weary dream."

"Nay, good father, it may not be. Give me thy blessing and abide thou here, for I go to this work alone."

So Elfric kissed the half-dead man and abode there by the gibbet. He watched Grimkytel go over the brow of the hill into the depths of the wood, walking slowly as though his eyes were dim. After that he heard the sound of a hammer striking on iron for the space of two hours and more, and after that silence, and then as the day wore towards evening Grimkytel came back to the gibbet.

He seemed to be deadly tired. His feet dragged and his head hung listlessly.

"I am almost dead again, father," he said, as he came to where Elfric was, "but the work is fairly done. Kiss me now for the last time and let me go to my rest."

So Elfric kissed him, and he found that his cheek was as cold as ice.

Then Grimkytel went forwards once more and stood beneath the gibbet, and he raised his arms above his head and cried, "Hoist me up, brothers, for the work I had to do is done."

And those two thieves became alive once more, and trod the air as they had done the first time; and they pulled him up and set the chain about his neck. Within five minutes they were all three dead again, and the wind swung them to and fro, making the rusty chains creak gruesomely, and the crows came back one by one to look for their meal.

When the sun had set, Stephen sent two men-at-arms to fetch Audrey and the priest, and she went with them quietly enough. Stephen was pretty far gone in drink by the time they got her to the castle. He bade Elfric stay at the lower end of the hall, then set Audrey on his knee and tried to kiss her, hiccoughing and laughing the while.

Audrey drew a little, roughly-made dagger from her bosom and struck wildly at him. The dagger had some poison on it, made from the berries that grew beside the Anvil Stone, where the dagger itself had been made that day by Grimkytel when he came down from the gibbet and dwelt for a time between life and death.

Red Stephen lurched drunkenly as Audrey struck, and the dagger went wide of him. Then he caught her sharply by the wrist and forced her to drop it. His surprise shook all the drunkenness out of him. He swore a great oath and started laughing softly, as though he thought it a good jest.

"Well, puss," he said, "thou hast sharp claws, it seems, but they are hardly sharp enough to hurt Stephen the Red. Why hast thou tried to save thyself for a moment thus? Hast thou ever heard tell that the hands of Stephen drew back at a check?"

"I have seen his eyes fall before the eyes of a maid, sire," said Audrey. "As for me, I am in the hands of God."

The reference to the meeting outside the church was a shrewd hit. It made Stephen smart.

"Thou art like enough in the devil's hands, thou and thy Grimkytel. But whose mistress art thou now, pretty one—mine or his?"

"I am no man's mistress. I am Grimkytel's wife."

"The devil take thee and thy answers. Grimkytel dances at the end of a chain."

"It matters not where he is. He is my husband. I am his and my soul is God's, and he and I will find in heaven what we have not found on earth."

"But that fair body of thine is mine."

"Not yet," said Audrey.

Something happened to Red Stephen at this point. It may be that Elfric's prayers were answered as he knelt, a helpless onlooker, at the lower end of the hall, or Stephen may suddenly have grown tired of the whole affair.

"Thou shalt remain Grimkytel's wife if thou wilt," he said. "Choose now; wilt thou have thy life and abide here, or wilt thou go to thy husband?"

"I will go to my husband, sire," said Audrey.

They took Audrey to her husband when the dawn first began to redden the sky. Stephen bade them hang her beside Grimkytel, and this they did, having first shifted one of the thieves farther along the gibbet. Only a few people saw it done. They told their neighbours afterwards that her face was like an angel's at the last, after Elfric had blessed her, though she wept a little at first.

Three miracles in all came of this hanging. The first was Grimkytel's coming to life again. The second was this: They say that as soon as Audrey hung beside him, life came again to Grimkytel's hand, and that it moved and groped about until it found hers, and that those two hung there holding hands, like children, with a thief on either side.

The third miracle happened during the day. The gibbet was made of tough oak and had stood for many a

year, dark and sinister against the wood and the sunset. Then suddenly, as Grimkytel and Audrey hung there, it burst into leaf and put forth tender branches that folded themselves about their limbs and the limbs of the two thieves, till by the time the sun was high in the heavens the girl Audrey was hidden in a wealth of fresh green leaves. And numberless birds of every sort and kind came and lodged in the branches, and their singing could be heard for upwards of a mile. And later in the day men noticed a crimson rose that sprang from a branch at the very top of the gibbet, and the rose bent down and lay on Audrey's hair as though it would plant a kiss there.

Last of all, when twilight came and the birds had gone to sleep, a nightingale sang there, perched upon the branch from which the rose sprang.

And this bursting into leaf and harbouring of birds was the last miracle that came of this hanging, and in memory of the rose which sprang there men call the place Blossoming Gallows to this day.

A Passing Calvary

By John Helston

THE skies are high,
The wind holds fair,
The morning Sabbath shines;
The pigeons in the market square
Make right and left inclines
Before they fly
Over the work of last night's broom about the cattle lines.

A cross men die on
Is in the place
Where thirsty dead men stood,
Who watched the abbey clock's hard face
And wines from the wood
The still *Red Lion*
Kept from their throats—the ale that brings the laugh that made life good.

Names cut in stone
Their mates may read
Best by a grey day's weather,
When mostly the blue market-breed
Spit, stand together,
Curse boot and bone,
And envy bleeding Joe who died shod in good army leather.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Weather Bureau

"Did you read what that Sir Something Something said in the paper yesterday?" asked Heddle.

"How do I know?" replied Sergeant Murphy. "There's always at least a dozen Sir Somethings puttin' the worruld right in the newspapers. Which gifted knight or baronet have you in mind?"

"The weather chap—the scientist," explained Heddle. "I forget his name, but he said that he couldn't understand where the moisture came from to make the big fall of snow last week."

"He said that, did he? And him a weather expert. Begorra, but he's a brave lad! He'll be boycotted be the rest of the gang. Whin he dhrops into the Weather Club for a quiet chukker of Mad Jong, the other mimbers will lay down their throwels, or whatever they play with, and reach for their hats. They'll blackball him if it can be done—What's the word? Not respectively, but something like that. He's bethrayed the confidence that weather experts place in wan another not to give the game away."

"You don't think much of weather experts?" asked Heddle.

"Why should I? They don't think much of thimselves. And to make up for it, they go about thryin' to look as wise as a grandfather goat.

"Listen, Heddle. If ever there was a fellah that ought to be able to give out a Nap selection every day in the week, it's the weather expert. Look at the information he gets. He's chaps in Iceland that won't let a solitary depression get past without markin' down its diminsions in plain figures. He's chaps on ocean liners wirelessin' the height of the waves, the rowl of the boat, and the number of passengers that staggered to the rail per hour. He's chaps with every kind of ometer measurin' everything from the pressure of the atmosphere to the timperature of the Lion House at the Zoo. He's weathercocks on ivery corner of his office buildin' to tell him where the wind is comin' from and why, and lighthouse

min are obliged be law to note down every solan goose that passes, this bein' a sign of hard weather. He even has comical-lookin' chaps, with low collars and large Adam's apples, huntin' round the country for isobars."

"What are isobars, Sarn't ?" asked Heddle.

"Ha, ha," said the Sergeant, "I guessed that would floor ye. Ye've an idea that they are the same as ice-cream bars. The divil a bit. An isobar, I fancy, means anything that can tell beforehand what weather's comin' —like cream turnin' sour before thunder, or a sheep turnin' its gable end to the direction a storm is comin' from. Anny ould woman has dozens of isobars at the back of her head.

"Now all this mass of information is handed to the weather expert before he sits down to give the big tip for the next day.

"What's the result ? It goes like this—'A region of low pressure has developed over the west, and with a fallin' barometer, and maybe an anti-cyclone, it looks as if we're in for a nice dhry day, please God !' And at noon min sthrugglin' for taxis to get out of the rain curse thimselves into a state of coma for leavin' their gamps at home.

"Does it break the heart of the expert ? Does he hand in his job the next day and say that, as the weather isn't his sthrong suit, he's going in for operatic singin', him ownin' already a light tenor voice that has been praised at glee parties ?

"Not a bit of it. As bould as brass he announces the next evenin' that owin' to the sudden arrival of a depression from the Atlantic his long shot was down the course. 'However, with your kind attintion, ladies and gintlemin, I will now endeavour to give you a real hot one for tomorrow.' And so on.

"Just fancy if a racin' expert tipped the winner of the Lincoln without knowin' all the enthries.

"But live and let live is my motto, Heddle. And weather forecastin' probably keeps chaps out of mischief. But if I want to know if it's goin' to be fine or wet, I dhrop across to Granny Jones and ask her how her corns are doin'. If the wan on the left toe is in action, I always take me gamp."

New Methods in Drama

By Horace Shipp

The Adding Machine. By Elmer Rice. (Court Theatre.)
Maya. By Simon Gantillon. (Gate Theatre Salon.)

CAN there be a new form in drama? One of our greatest dramatists, speaking with me recently, doubted whether it were possible to depart from the technique of a naturalistic story about individual people, revealing human character and motives, and working through the depicting of dramatic events. Yet the two most interesting plays on the stages of London as I write are based upon an entirely different conception of the way a play is made. One is M. Gantillon's work at the courageous Gate Theatre Salon, which has created a charming home for itself in Villiers Street; the other the American so-called "Expressionist" play at the Court. By the time this article appears the first of these will have given place, according to schedule, to Mr. O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*, and here again is one of the most interesting plays written in our generation, but written in a technique totally different from that of the naturalistic drama.

In these experimental stages the new plays occasionally have a certain crudity which compares badly with the slickness of expression of the old social comedy. On the other hand they are able, by the broadening of the ground of the drama, to say something more than the older dramatists can in their dealings with individual lives and problems. Most important of all, the new drama does "belong" (as O'Neill's own Hairy Ape would say) to our time. "I like tranquillity in my drama," said one critic to me, returning from the production of *The Adding Machine*; and with the memory of the stage sets of the wildest modern design, a brain storm expressed by a kind of kaleidoscopic effect of coloured light and noises, and a few similar things, I felt that *The Adding Machine* was not for the satisfaction of any such demand. Neither is modern life, which the play sets out to express and satirize. I confess myself that I should not want every play to use the method, but there is still room in the theatre for a number of such experiments and of such dramatists, without danger to the balance of that institution.

I will not claim that Mr. Elmer Rice's play is in the first rank of its own kind. Personally I should hesitate to call it Expressionist as I understand Expressionism, for the whole essence of that movement, as it exists in Central Europe, is that the drama should practise the utmost economy in words and methods, that every sound and sight should be packed with expression, whereas Mr. Rice's play says most things at some length and repeats them many times. This is only justifiable in that the theme of his play is the monotony and standardized existence of a slave soul. We see Mr. Zero nagged at by his equally stupid wife whose only reactions are the sentimental ones of the cinema; we see him at his work of adding figures *vis-à-vis* the little bookkeeper's assistant, and in this scene the dramatist, using his non-realistic technique, shows us not only what his characters are doing but takes us along the byways of their errant thoughts as they work; we see Mr. Zero dismissed by the "boss" when he expected a "raise" for his twenty-five years of colourless toil; we follow him home and watch an evening party of equally standardized friends of the Zeros; see him arrested for killing the boss; see his reactions during his trial, and then follow him beyond death to the graveyard (an ugly scene this and out of key) to the Elysian fields where his mean spirit cannot desire to stay, and back to the world where he is to start again as a slave of a super-adding machine.

There is tragedy, satire, humour, terror, and much real beauty and pathos in the piece. It hits hard at the ugliness and meaningless banality of modern life. It pleads for beauty and individuality and romance. Perhaps this hard-hitting and this plea are more needed in American life than here, but the whole standardizing tendency of contemporary life justifies the brutality of the satire and the earnestness of the warning.

The production is consistently abstract and right. There is always a danger in this type of play that the producer will confuse it with naturalism and thus cause us to forget that Mr. Zero is a type and not a person. Mr. W. G. Fay has done his work well on this occasion; and Frank Randell, who plays Mr. Zero, gives a fine performance of a very long and difficult part. Miss

Turner as the assistant verged on the too-human, but I think this is the author's confusion of method; the rest of the large cast kept remarkably in the picture—a noble self-effacement demanded by the newer technique.

M. Gantillon's *Maya* was subjective in another way. The theme is that of a prostitute in a French seaport town, who exists least of all as a woman in her own right of personality, but changes according to the desires of the men who come to her. For one she is merely a creature of lust, for another a mother of consolation, for another the playmate sister he has left in Norway, for another the alluring countess, the unapproachable passenger on his boat, to all and to herself Maya, the Mother of Illusion.

Again the need was that the production should be non-real, for success depended upon our seeing that this was not a breathing human woman but the very creation of the brains of those about her. Now and again we were allowed to glimpse her real self, or at least one of her diverse selves, and throughout we were shown the bizarre life of this Sinister Street. It is an interesting theme, an interesting technique, and an excellent piece of stagecraft. Strangely, I did not feel that Miss Gwen ffrangçon Davies realized the author's intention. It may be that she has too pronounced a personality, but she did not sufficiently dissolve this individuality to express the author's conception. The pathos and wistfulness she expressed excellently, but Maya has more than that. I think the production could have been a degree more daring in its expression of the abstraction of her part, for the impression was rather that of an individual consciously playing a protean part. Nevertheless, it was a fascinating play and we look forward to seeing what the Gate Salon will make of *The Hairy Ape*, another great opportunity in the newer stagecraft.

The institution of the theatre, sweeping from the altar drama of Greece to the naturalistic comedy of manners of today, has room for many forms and many methods. One watches with interest the experiments of our own time, and, so long as they bear no sign of insincere novelty-mongering, fine drama is destined to come from them.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR

A Small Boy in the 'Sixties. By George Sturt. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Sturt, who practised the family trade of wheelwright at Farnham, was, says Mr. Bennett, "by profession an author." He wrote slowly; his earlier books show elaborate care and a feeling for words, but hardly mastery of language. He only gradually attained to the ease of this one. As Mr. W. B. Yeats has written:

> I said, a line may take us hours may-be,
> But if it does not seem a moment's thought,
> Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.

These posthumous reminiscences achieve full expression of all the author had to say. They are a remarkable feat of memory, the evocation of long-past days and manners as seen by a small boy in a country town. Clearly there is no attempt to reproduce what has been forgotten. He did not remember, for instance, learning his letters, which others can easily recall. He was shy and unusually sensitive, bursting into tears at a reproof for mispronunciation, but on the whole he seems to have been distinctly happy.

He did not take to school games, partly, perhaps, owing to health, but we wonder if at a tender age he really thought some of them too competitive. The larger knowledge of later years inevitably colours such records as this.

He notes the "cantankerous geniality" of the mid-Victorian town-life, and he had the keen sense of disgust which goes with a discerning taste. The picture of a boy's delights—the food ranged from raw cabbage stumps to a grandmother's shortbread—is curiously complete. England then was much less obviously exciting than it is today. But "who hath despised the day of small things?" There was mysterious folklore, the fun of three fairs a year, the ceremonies of hop-picking, more odd characters than today, and a road safe for toddlers, before the advent of the motorist.

The author's father was a man of unusual taste, particularly in natural history; his mother was always in the background, self-sacrificing and steadily at work. The supply of children's books for a poetic child was certainly disappointing in the 'sixties. He is quite right in noting the sadness of some of them as "too much." It is a great mistake to give such books to sensitive children, though they may seem hard enough in other ways. We find various cruelties to animals described as exciting rather than distressing. This is a true touch of that age of innocence which is also the age of savagery, like much else in this excellent book.

V. R.

HENRY HUDSON. By LLEWELLYN POWYS. The Golden Hind Series. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THE life of Henry Hudson is a pathetic record of heroic endeavour dogged by conspicuous unsuccess. His first and second voyages—for the Muscovy Company—in search of a north-east passage to China and the Indies being barren of any profitable result, brought him into bad odour with his employers; his third, on behalf of the Dutch East India Company, with the same objective, led him, coerced by an unruly crew, merely to the already discovered river, since called the Hudson, and the regions contiguous thereto; while his fourth, undertaken with a backing of influential London merchants and the support of Prince Henry himself, in quest of a north-west passage to the same fortunate coasts—by way of the "Furious Overfall," then recently located by Captain John Davis—ended in mutiny and the death of the leader with his marooned comrades on the bleak shores of the bay that bears his name.

Hudson was overmuch of a visionary to be a successful leader of men on ventures where—in an age of licensed piracy—no booty, by the way, was to be hoped for, or to impose his will flatly and finally on a discontented ship's company. Again and again we find him resorting to the favourite modern method of compromise, getting the malcontents "round a table," exploring avenues and the rest—a mode of procedure which amply accounts for the apparent futility of a strenuous career as well as for the tragedy that crowned it.

Mr. Powys tells the story in graphic detail, and with due appreciation alike of the explorer's weaknesses and the difficulties that beset him; and his narrative, despite a tendency to dwell upon trifles and a turn for "just reflections," which might have afforded genuine pleasure to Dr. Johnson, provides a fascinating study. It may be particularly commended to the general reader for whom its luckless hero is but a name ironically suggestive of costly furs and Regent Street.

The appendix contains a transcription and translation of the "original document of the verdict passed upon the mutineers" with a facsimile of its fifth page, and there is an excellent index.

FROM KEW OBSERVATORY TO SCOTLAND YARD. By EX-CHIEF INSPECTOR W. C. GOUGH. Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

EX-INSPECTOR GOUGH has produced a very interesting record of his official career, and, though he notes the saying that Inspector Luck and Sergeant Chance are the two finest detectives in the world, his own ingenuity and persistence, with a gift for useful improvisation, are amply shown in these pages. He tells us that detectives rarely disguise themselves, and it is clear that, working often single-handed, they take great risks. The ruling passion

of the crook is vanity, so that he is inclined to give himself away when he is boasting. The curious conflict of evidence is exhibited in the Starchfield case. The general level of observation among men is not high, and perhaps superior—at least for certain details—in women. The chapter on "Police and Public," concerning solicitation, is important, for the public has of late become uneasy about some of the charges brought. Police naturally want promotion and are led to make unfair and sometimes really disgraceful charges. Observation of two rings on a man's hand led to the capture of the "Spider," a highly successful burglar for many years. This is an instance of the author's cleverness in taking up a small clue. He includes a good deal about bank frauds, which brought one pale, undersized clerk close on £170,000. We notice the remark that aliens "give the police far more trouble than the average professional criminal." London is far too free a hunting ground for these cowardly dope-traffickers and blackmailers. The author is naturally not so good at holding a pen as at catching a criminal. His style might have been revised with advantage. "A social strata" is not English, and clumsy relatives spoil some sentences. In his dealings with men and women he shows a mind both neat and generous, and capable of that humour which sweetens humanity.

FICTION

THE MIDNIGHT FOLK. A Novel. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

WHILE this further incursion into the history of the Harker family may satisfy enthusiasts of the Masefield cult, it must disappoint many readers who usually delight in his work. The present writer, who opened the book with keen anticipation, kept on hoping until he found himself following a will-o'-the-wisp, and finally wondered how Mr. Masefield, with all his literary charm, had managed to produce so "jumbly" a story. It is called a novel, but is actually an ill-constructed fairy-tale without fairies, which follows the threadbare device of making animals behave and talk exactly as if they were human—neither better nor worse. The idea that by putting on a bat's wings or an otter's skin little Kay Harker could assume the aquatic or aerial functions of such creatures is more childish than childlike. The way in which thrills are avoided, in spite of hidden treasure, wrecks, secret haunts, ghosts, and witchcraft, is truly surprising; indeed, the whole story, with its tangle of dreams, magic, and simple life, is more bewildering than illusive.

Perhaps the best piece of work is the personality of Ellen, the house-parlourmaid, whose account of the capture of the highwayman, Benjamin, and the death of the mare, Dowsabell, fills the five brightest pages.

THE TRUTH ABOUT QUEX. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Benn. 7s. 6d.

WE do not know if Mr. Jerrold is a descendant of the famous wit, but his book is certainly witty—indeed, so full of point that it takes careful reading. We do not object to that, as the material is excellent. Here is exposed the successful career of a shameless man of business whom we leave on the point of buying a peerage from one of the rottenest governments of modern times. By 1911 Artemus Quex had acquired the control of over one hundred chemists' shops, and later he extended his nefarious operations to Bubuland in Africa. His exploits are many, but he does little work himself; he is always exploiting somebody else. A frank cad, he employs his cousin as a tame gentleman and a distinct asset in commerce, and thus acquires the voice of an occasional conscience, a thing his despicable make-up does not include. A third character of importance in the story is a young woman of the hard, modern sort, who is selfishly eager for excitement, her one idea of a "good time." Her repentance at the end of the book may not, one thinks, last very long. Though the story belongs to recent years, the author has wisely not made any actual portraits. His bitterness is general and not unjustified. Here is the description of a politician:

> He never committed himself to any expression of opinion till he was sure that he would carry the day, and he had his ear so close to the ground that he could always turn his coat before his colleagues had unbuttoned theirs. He had no convictions to hamper his judgment, and no gust of popular feeling ever found him unresponsive.

THE WILD BODY. A SOLDIER OF HUMOUR AND OTHER STORIES. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

"THIS supreme survival that is us, the stark apparatus with its set of mysterious spasms; the most profound of which is laughter." That is "The Wild Body." Most of the stories now gathered under this title are linked up by possessing a common narrator named Ker-Orr, and have Brittany as a place of action, though the first, "A Soldier of Humour," is concerned with "adventures," some of them erotic, in certain frowsy hotels of Northern Spain. The author's style, which has great charm for many readers, is sometimes artificial to a degree that suggests arduous effort to avoid simplicity. One of several descriptions of Ker-Orr's meetings with Bestre, a "grease-bred old mammifer" with a "tufted vertex," who keeps a Breton boarding-house, may be quoted in illustration of the author's manner of personal description: "With a flexible imbrication reminiscent of a shutter-lipped ape, a bud of tongue still showing, he shot the latch of his upper lip down in front of the nether one, and depressed the interior extremities of his eyebrows sharply from their quizzing perch—only this monkey-on-a-stick mechanical pull-down the face's centre. At the same time, his arms still folded like bulky lizards, blue

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By MYRTLE JOHNSTON. Second Impression.

"A first novel of genius."—*Spectator.*

"'Hanging Johnny' is beautiful—one might almost dare to call it perfect. The style is of an astonishing maturity; the fantastic blends with the commonplace, and never a false note is struck."—*Observer.*

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1.

tattoo on brown ground, upon the escarpment of his vesicular middle, not a hair or muscle moving, he made a quick, slight motion to me with one hand to get out of the picture without speaking—to efface myself."

That Mr. Lewis observes keenly, and closely analyses his impressions, is constantly evident. Occasionally his "observations" are coarse and malodorous, but this is quite in accord with the modernist revival of free writing on subjects formerly regarded as not suitable for print.

IT NEVER RAINS. By J. MURRAY ALLISON. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.

HERE is a lively collection of short stories with a wide range. Mr. Allison deals alike with artistic London, chaffing the fads and follies of today, and those less cultivated regions where odd characters have a larger scope. He is a little careless about literary form, but his ingenuity in invention is admirable, and he is predominantly cheerful, which is no small merit in an age sicklied over by Freud and dismal studies of sex. Two narratives hit off well the bore in talk which nothing will stop. The story which tells of the gains and risks of defeating Prohibition is full of adventure, but might have been shortened with advantage.

HISTORY

LIONS LED BY DONKEYS. By P. A. THOMPSON, Captain, R.A.C. Werner Laurie. 16s.

THE title is a description of the English due to the German G.H.Q., and the book is a history of the war, written by Captain Thompson for his two sons. Though it may be queried in one or two details, it is clear and admirably vivid, bringing out the main points fairly and quoting here and there from the best authorities available. It is lightened by personal reminiscence and anecdote, such as the story of a football dropped from an aeroplane among the German lines on April 1, with the inscription "April Fool! *Gott strafe England!*" The operations on the Marne are recognized as wonderful. The sad waste of life in 1916 was, perhaps, inevitable, but history can hardly take that view of the splendid band who delayed the enemy round St. Quentin, while large bodies of men fit for service were kept in England. That was a grave error which will not be soon forgotten or forgiven by any who remember those disastrous days, and they will never trust again the man who was responsible for it. The U-boat campaign was a heavy blow to England. Some years before, a sapient committee considered such an attack and decided that our food supplies could not be imperilled. The writer has not time to bring out the hideous waste and stupidity at home. As he rightly hints at the end, the real hero of the war was the

"unknown soldier." No politician can claim that distinction, and it is a wonder to those who know that some of them have outlived their war records and even posed as saviours of their country. The impossible Peace of Versailles was a measure of political ability, and its mixture of haphazard arrangement and sheer ignorance has now been revealed. It is the great glory of the Englishman that no incompetence in high places destroys his powers of work or sense of humour. Fortunately, he is the upholder of Empire, and not easily discouraged by the meddling and muddling; his good service not seldom goes without reward, but he works on.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CHARLES II. By ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT. Cassells. 18s.

THIS attractive volume, though concerned principally with the "daughters of joy" who have so effectually obscured, to modern popular vision, both the reign and personality of Charles II, marks, nevertheless, a step towards the vindication of a character which, in its public capacity at least, stands less in need of whitewashing than of decarbonizing.

Thanks to the Calendars of the Treasury Books, now being issued under the editorship of Dr. W. A. Shaw, to whom the author expresses his indebtedness, a new and authentic light is thrown on Charles as patriot, statesman, and, strangest of all, economist. Mr. Dasent's fearless exposition of these novel traits in his hero, as well as his lively delineation of those more familiar, make the book a distinctly valuable contribution to the history of the period.

THE CLASSICS

A LITERARY HISTORY OF ROME IN THE SILVER AGE. By J. WIGHT DUFF. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

THE depreciation implied by "silver" Latin compared with "gold" has long ceased to be current with those who know. If the poetry of later Rome did not equal that of the Augustan age, the prose achieved a distinction that cannot be called a falling away from Cicero's standard. Tacitus, still supreme as an epigrammatist, has had more interest for the modern world than Cicero. Petronius, the realist, easily surpasses other early attempts at fiction. Of these and lesser men Prof. Duff, an old hand at Latin criticism, writes with accomplished ease and careful judgment, summarizing the substance and quoting the best things of each author. The book is much fuller in this way than the usual "History." We cannot rank Juvenal as high as he does, doubting his sincerity, though the professor seems to us right in ascribing some of his savagery to a hard time in youth. No one can persuade us that he had anything worth calling a sense of

humour. The frequent references to foreign scholars show wide erudition; but were so many wild theories worth notice? We recall Mommsen's remark, "You English think that everything that is German is good; it is not so at all." Phædrus is well presented, and is unduly neglected today. His fables bring out the author's aptitude for English translation, which lightens many learned discussions. Juvenal's universal theme is rendered:

> Whate'er men do, their vows, fears, pleasure, rage,
> Joys, hustle, make the hotchpotch of my page.

A good specimen of thorough work is the account of Seneca's life and writings. His philosophic austerities and the paternal objections are neatly hit off in an echo of Gibbon's epigram, "He sighed as a theorist and obeyed as a son." While his zeal for rhetoric is acknowledged, some pertinent queries are put to those who bewail Seneca's inconsistencies. The "human appeal" of the Letters to Lucilius is rightly emphasized. It does not matter whether they were real letters or not. They have charm, as Montaigne recognised; and since his name is mentioned, it might have been well to refer to his appreciation of Seneca in his chapter "Des Livres." It is not too much to say that through Montaigne Seneca is the father of the modern *causeur* in print.

ARISTOPHANES: THE BIRDS AND THE FROGS. Translated into rhymed English verse. By MARSHALL MACGREGOR. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

MR. MACGREGOR, an able and original scholar, has much that is interesting to say about Aristophanes, dwelling on the comparison often made with W. S. Gilbert. His translation is very readable and decidedly clever in providing a modern dress for the frequent jests and allusions of the text. It is, however, hardly possible to make rhymed verse run easily in English. Inversions and weak rhymes are bound to creep in. On the whole, we prefer for the iambic text blank verse such as Frere used, though at his best Mr. MacGregor renders the Greek well and with that sense of freedom which is the spirit of Aristophanes. He has made a success of the great Parabasis in which the Birds assert their dignity and divine origin.

GENERAL

SHAKESPEARE, ACTOR-POET. By CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN Appleton.

THIS English form of a volume with the same title, which appeared in French last year and won the Bordin Prize, is a welcome addition to the literature of the subject. Madame de Chambrun has an unusual knowledge both of original sources and the best work of investigators, and supplies a bibliographical

summary at the end of each chapter. Her most important point, perhaps, is the influence of Florio—like Shakespeare, an intimate of Southampton—on the plays; and her argument here is well developed with numerous references to obscure passages and proverb lore. Rightly she gives prominence to the trial of Essex and Southampton, with which the actors of Shakespeare's company were associated. Some speculations offered can hardly be expected to meet general acceptance, and we notice a little weakness in classical lore; but in general the author moves easily and effectively among the many pitfalls which lie ready for the biographer of Shakespeare, and she is especially interesting where French is concerned. Both Montaigne and Rabelais get their due. We cannot, however, credit the poet with "surprising originality" in looking for Cordelia's husband in France, since the French king had already played that part in the earlier *Leir* play, which is clearly followed in many details. An instance of good use of records is the citation of the case of Katherine Hamlett, who in 1580 was found drowned just as Ophelia was, the coroner's jury taking some time to decide whether her death was self-inflicted or not. This coincidence and others ought to sufflaminate the Baconian and the whole tribe of wild theorists, which has its supporters in France.

The appendixes include a substantial extract from Rowe, who was, after all, Shakespeare's first biographer and had reason to know what he was writing about.

THE HARVEST OF THE WOODS. By EDWARD STEP. With 47 Illustrations. Jarrold. 5s.

MR. STEP has concluded his agreeable trilogy for the lover of woods and fields with a sketch of the later wild fruits and a good deal about fungi. Fruits, such as that of the spindle-tree, "which in our winter woodland looks a flower," and the stiffer dogwood, are fairly well known; but the puff-balls, toadstools, and other patches of brilliant colour which adorn old tree-trunks and waste places are very seldom recognized. Here are both beauty and startling ugliness. It is probable, as we are told by people we meet, that some of them are edible; but the average person thinks them too queer to venture on and leaves such temerity to the Chinese. Mr. Step supplies a great deal of information in an easy form; and incidentally he points out that leaves are not forced off trees willy-nilly, but disappear "as a voluntary and prudential act on the part of the tree." So Homer and his successors in a well-worked simile of waste and decay have improved the occasion at the expense of truth.

The illustrations are capital and show the quaint resemblances which give many of the fungi their vivid names.

THE JUDGMENT OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. By HERBERT EDWARD PALMER. Hogarth Press. 25s.

As a book, whether one considers it from the viewpoint of the reader or of the bibliophile, this is a fine piece of work. Mr. Palmer has an individuality which, because of its peculiar medieval cast, makes him the right person to deal with Villon. His own book of excellent verse, "Songs of Salvation, Sin and Satire," shows his sympathy with the tortured nobility which made up Villon's better side; and in this pageant-episode play he gives us flash after flash of insight into the character of the fifteenth-century poet. Most important of all, he etherealizes the material events and shows them as almost symbolic and certainly mystic happenings in Villon's life, Villon himself as the very incarnation of the France of his time. As a play there is little sense of the theatre; *The Vagabond King* is much more technically sure. It is surprising that a life so full of drama could be made so undramatic. Long explanatory speeches, often (as, for instance, those of Villon's mother in Act 1) completely out of character, take the place of action. Mr. Palmer knows everything about Villon except how to write a play about him, but he has written a good life.

LEONARDO THE FLORENTINE. By RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR. The Richards Press. 31s. 6d.

THE first difficulty with this beautifully produced volume is one of simple understanding. The most purple patches of Walter Pater, the wildest convolutions of Meredithian prose, the subtlest twistings of Henry James, are as child's play against the style of this book. The author drives you four times a minute to your dictionary for words which are not in it. No synonym for a simple word is too rare, no polysyllable too attenuated to elude her. The sentences wind and twist like some bright Cellini jewel, gemmed and gorgeous.

That she knows her Italy of the period, understands Leonardo and the men with whom he came into contact, there is no question. When one has grown used to the exotic prose, its wealth of meaning, its Renaissance atmosphere, slowly are yielded. The subject permits of and even gains by overwriting, and the whole spirit of Leonardo and his time—perhaps the most subtle man of the most subtle age in the whole history of human thought—is revealed. The book is a great achievement. It will be best appreciated by those who know already much of the life and understand the peculiarities of temperament of Leonardo, the affair Saltarelli, Florence under Lorenzo, Milan under Ludovico, and all the strange, brilliant men and thought of the time.

are mine] in sympathy wherever England's chosen 'medium' can command 'the moral standard of the community.' I have the proofs of an organization of Catholics committed to that purpose even in New Zealand."

In answer to these statements, I would reply that the Irish Question is *anything* but an ecclesiastical question. The facts of Irish history are all against such an assumption. All impartial historians are practically unanimous (irrespective of their creed) that the Catholic Church is essentially Conservative, both in its fixed institutions, and in its declared policy for many centuries. Every schoolboy in Ireland knows that the setting up of an independent Irish State was accomplished despite the earnest efforts of those whom "Pat" calls "England's chosen mediums." (Into their motives for this course of action I do not propose to enter.) Neither do I propose to go into the obvious facts of recent history; they are down in black and white for all who wish to read them. As for the logic of "Pat's" concluding statement about an organization in New Zealand, I hesitate to criticize it, fearing he may mean it in jest. With equal logic I could say I know an organization of Protestants in England (the Labour Party) pledged to the disruption of the British Empire. Therefore (using "Pat's" logic), the disruption of the British Empire is a Protestant necessity. Nay, furthermore, I know of such non-Catholic organizations in Russia (with a much larger population than New Zealand), India, Egypt. Therefore, etc., etc., *ad absurdum.*

I can only hope that your readers are sufficiently conversant with modern Irish history to realize the absurdity of "Pat's" final conclusion as to the aims of the Catholic Church. In regard to the other

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statements I have quoted, it is obvious that "Pat" is obsessed with the idea that "'the Irish Question' is nothing but an ecclesiastical question." This basic assumption on his part stultifies the remainder of his arguments on this topic. By "ecclesiastical," one naturally infers he means the *Ecclesia Romana* or Catholic Church of Rome, as manifest in its Irish representatives. Now, even a cursory acquaintance with the true facts of Irish history would serve to show that most of the political leaders down the ages in Ireland have been Protestants, for the simple reason that they were the educated classes, while education was denied to the Catholic masses. It is only within very recent times that Catholics have taken a prominent part in Irish political leadership, dating from the inauguration of equality of education for Catholic and Protestant in Ireland. I am afraid that "Pat" must seek for the causes of Irish disaffection deeper than in the hypothetical hostility of the Catholic Church to the British Empire.

Yours, etc.,

M. J. BASTIBLE, M.B.

160 Whitehill Street,
Glasgow.

[THE ENGLISH REVIEW is without bias as between the various sects of the Christian faith. Its pages are impartially open to expositions of conflicting points of view. We have submitted the above letter to our contributor, and append his reply.—ED. E.R.]

Mr. Bastible "has no knowledge" who I am. I am the same "Pat" who wrote "Economics for Irishmen." The banker's finished work is the economist's raw material, or a small part of it, and so I get some sort of right to criticize even "a highly technical banking experiment," but the value of my criticism must depend on itself.

He assumes that because I am not a banker, I have no business to write about banking. In that case, he has no business to write about me, having "no knowledge" of the subject.

"The moral dishonesty of the Irish." I never wrote this anywhere. My article contains only one item that could suggest "the moral dishonesty of the Irish," and it is not mine: "We further urge the imperative need for improving the moral standard of the community."

I reproduced that on the explicit responsibility of the Currency Commission, adding: "These are not my estimates. The attack on 'the moral standard of the community' is by the Government and their advisers. . . . They (not I) have discovered the 'moral risk' . . . I do not believe for a moment that the people of the Free State are, by either breed or race, worse than other peoples. . . . Since the misfortune in their 'moral standard' cannot have come from their breed, it must have come from their experience." Such is the spirit of the context which Mr. Bastible perverts into "the moral dishonesty of the Irish." A statement not mine is presented as mine. It is falsified in presenting it, and then the falsification also is presented as mine.

Apologists for Catholicism have need to attack the native character of "the Irish." Their pitiful state has to be explained, and as infallibility must not be held responsible, the theologian must attribute their

misery to their breed. I attribute it mainly to their Anglo-Romanism. I do not think there is another man alive at present who has given more study to the subject, and the more I study it, the more am I satisfied with my conclusion.

Mr. Bastible's way of quotation is injurious to the Commissioners as well. The evident motive in their statement is in every way friendly to the Irish. They simply want to improve them, that they may employ their capital at home instead of going to America for loans and sending their own surplus funds for safety to London. I reproduced their statement in the natural sense of its context and intention.

Mr. Bastible's "history" is odd: "Even a cursory acquaintance with the true facts of Irish history would serve to show that most of the political leaders down the ages in Ireland have been Protestants." For about three-fourths of the historic period "down the ages" Protestantism did not exist, and for the other fourth the Protestant leader was too often preferred for a Catholic instrument, set up when required, and kicked down when no longer useful.

Who were the political leaders when there was no Protestantism? For the three and a half centuries preceding the Reformation, they had twenty-three Catholic archbishops of Dublin, and "not one of these was an Irishman," writes Professor Stokes, who adds: "Not one of them was otherwise than of pure English blood and extraction. . . . One point Henry II had already determined, and that was: no Irishman should again be Archbishop of Dublin."—("Ireland and the Anglo-Norman Church," p. 205.)

Anglo-Romanism was already at work on "the Irish," but who were the "political leaders"? Those most reverend gentlemen certainly asserted the political leadership of the Church, and within its sphere no other influence could match theirs. There is no sort of doubt that they could, and did, execute "natives" for disputing their political leadership. When, in 1541, the English finally parted from the Pope, Catholicism suddenly turned round and became an Irish patriot. From that day to this the Irish mad dog has been kept on the Roman string, to be let loose at England and her Empire whenever there was a chance of destroying both. The latest instance is 1914–18.

My intention was not literal in this: "The Irish question is nothing but an ecclesiastical question." In substance, I stand by it. The Irish hatred of England, which is the essence of the problem, originates in Catholicism. The Catholic mind in Ireland is what the Church cares to make it, and she makes it what suits her.

"The destruction of the British Empire is a Roman Catholic necessity," because, in its genius, instinct, and power, the Empire bars the motives and methods of the Church at every turn. Cardinal Manning, an Englishman, confessed the need "to bend and break the will of this proud imperial race"; but we have higher authorities. The Catholic teaching on heresy, lately brought up to date, declares: "If any one make public profession of heresy, or tries to pervert others, by word or by example, he ought not merely, absolutely speaking, to be excommunicated, but he may also be justly killed, lest his contagious and dangerous example should cause loss to others. . . . If this method [two warnings] has no effect, the Church delivers the heretical man to secular judgment in order that he may be exterminated from the world by death. . . . The Church . . . has the right to put heretics to death, even if they have come to repentance."—("The

Stability and Progress of Dogma," by Father Lépicier, Professor of Sacred Theology at the Propaganda College and adviser to the Biblical Commission.) Apologists tell us that these provisions are "obsolete" in the Church, but Lépicier is still alive, or was recently, and the date of his work is 1908. I am grateful to "Granville" in the *Contemporary Review* (No. 525) for the admirable article from which my quotations are taken.

Lépicierism is now abroad in the Irish Free State, "justly killing" the King's best subjects and selecting them for destruction in proportion to their intelligence. Persecution of suspected heretics is active every day, and the chief agents are the ecclesiastical nominees in the service of the Government, co-operating with the criminal class. The terms of the constitution prohibit the formal institution of the Inquisition by law, but there are ten better and easier ways to get the same result. The chief methods are theft and perjury. Judges have repeatedly deplored the remarkable increase in both these crimes, but 99 per cent. of them never come to judicial notice. Nobody believes that the Ministers in the Government desire to see it so, but if they interfere they can be unseated at the next election.

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